

messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 36 – Number 12

April 2019

Highlight Features This Issue

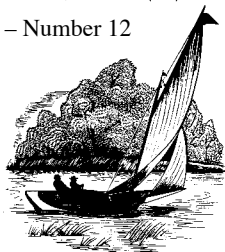
Window on the Water - Where the Caribou Run Free
Lament for a Boat Left Out - Sailing Adventures
Tidings Great Adventure - Maine's First Ship
Building a Fliptail - Gaff Rig for *Octavia*
The Oldest Tug in the Coast Guard - Annie's Little Bird



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

The arrival of Dick Winslow's promised story on his last summer's rafting trip in the far north on Canada's wilderness Coppermine River (starting on page 10 in this issue) was a highlight here in February. I look forward to hearing from him periodically about his adventures in the far north as, like him, I am fascinated by this relatively nearby wilderness, but unlike him I never did get around to actually going there to experience the great emptiness of Canada's Barren Lands.

Why should I want to go to such a place so sparsely populated as to be virtually devoid of humans and all of our trappings? I cannot explain it, but it has always appealed to me from my earliest readings about early explorers who did go there to see what was there. There aren't many books about this vast empty land so stories of first hand experiences there such as Dick's still offer yet more insight into why I should care.

The Barren Lands are relevant to our small boat focus as small boats are the only way to get around on the thousands of square miles of roadless tundra. Planes today get those so inclined into the area but close up look seeing depends on boats, chiefly canoes and rafts, for there is water everywhere, thousands of lakes connected by hundreds of streams.

Dick's choice of doing the Coppermine last summer had historic precedent. The river was named for the copper ores which are located along the lower river. Samuel Hearne travelled down the river to the Arctic Ocean in 1771. Sir John Franklin also travelled down the river during the Coppermine Expedition of 1819-1822.

A favorite explorer of mine from that "heroic era" of exploration, when men went out into the unknown dependent entirely on their own skills and experience, was British naval officer George Back, who served under Franklin on this expedition when he was responsible for all the surveying and chart making.

By 1832 nothing had been heard of the Arctic explorer John Ross since 1829 and plans were made to find him. Back proposed to take fur trade routes to the Great Slave Lake and follow the Great Fish River north-

east to Ross's probable location. No white man had ever seen this river but it was known from Indian reports (it was later named the Back River).

He left England in February 1833, reached the Great Slave Lake in August. He located the river on August 29 and returned to Fort Reliance to winter. In March 1834 he received word that Ross was back in England and was ordered to explore the coast from Ross's King William Land to Franklin's Point Turnagain. He set out on June 7, 1834, and reached the river on June 28. He ran east downriver in the Barren Grounds through 83 rapids with only one portage. On July 23 he reached salt water at Chantry Inlet. He explored the inlet, saw King William Island to the north and then unheroically but wisely turned back. He reached Fort Reliance on September 27, 1834, and England on September 8, 1835.

Now back to modern times: In 1987, on a visit to Shaw & Tenney, by chance I met Robert Perkins, a writer and film maker, who was planning a solo trip by canoe down the Back River. I reported on his plans in our May 15, 1987 issue. Subsequently he carried out this dream and his film of his experience, "Into the Great Solitude," shot in 1987, is now classic outdoor adventure film telling the story of his 72 day solo canoe journey.

Winner of many major awards, this best known work provides a captivating look at Perkins as a young man willing to take on the challenges of the Canadian Arctic on a long solo canoe trip. Battling rapids and black flies while dancing with his own demons and his shadow, Perkins explores what it means to survive in the stark beauty of the Canadian tundra. Perkins not only takes on arduous physical challenges, but he lyrically describes in film and language how the journey helps him make peace with a difficult father.

You can learn a lot more by Googling "Into the Great Solitude" to find out where to get his book and view the film. Perhaps you will discover a latent interest yourself in what draws Dick Winslow back year after year to Canada's far north wilderness.

On the Cover...

A couple of times each year we get to bring you Dick Winslow's reports on his adventures afloat in the far north. Dick indulges his enthusiasm annually on guided outfitter trips canoeing or rafting on a wide variety of wilderness rivers ranging from nearby Maine, Labrador and Quebec to the Arctic Ocean in Canada's Northwest Territories and nearby Alaska. In this issue, starting on page 10, Dick covers a his 17 day rafting trip with four guides and 11 guests on 114 miles of the Coppermine River in those Northwest Territories that ended on the shores of Coronation Gulf, an arm of the Arctic Ocean.



Harking Back With Harvey

"Small craft images from today as viewed through a long ago lens."

Images by Harvey Petersiel

*Winter in Florida * Meanwhile Back at the Tiki Hut*





You write to us about...

Information of Interest...

More About *Silvina W. Beal*

I think you will find more about the *Silvina W. Beal* in the book, *Working Thin Waters*, by Stephen Jones. His son captained her at one time. Later we sailed on her on a whale watch out of Eastport, Maine. Good to see she is in good hands.

Bruce Weik, Freedom, ME

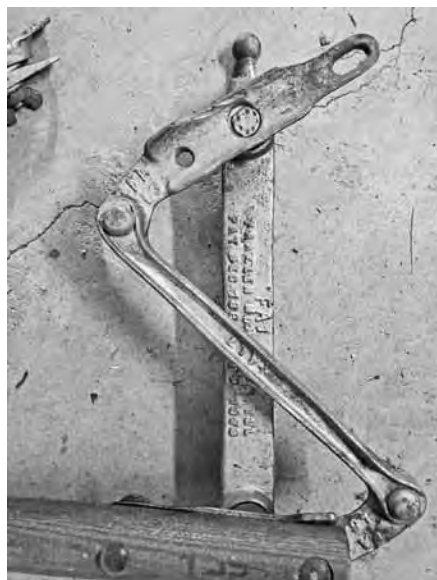
Forward Facing Oars

Here are three images of front rowing oars given to me by Bill Nichols President of W.H. Nichols Company of Waltham. They were housed in a boathouse owned by the Nichols family on the banks of the Charles. Employees were encouraged to row various boats including a scull, wherry and others. At that time the MDC patrolled that section of the Charles which extended to Norumbega Park in rowing boats.

These were never used but after suitable lubrication could be put into service.

Jerry Jodice, Manchester by the Sea, MA

Editor Comments: Jerry and I may get together later this season to fit these to my Old Town lake rowboat project.



Information Wanted...

About This Saw Blade

Question: Has anyone ever seen a 10" circular saw blade like this one, three different size spacing between teeth?

Answer: A variable tooth circular saw blade with cutting teeth in a plurality of circumferential groups has the successive teeth (5-8) in each group first reducing and then increasing in pitch. This gives the blade an improved combination of cut, reduction of noise and vibration, together with higher speed.

Richard Honan, Winthrop, MA



Opinions...

About Safety

I enjoyed your Commentary in the February issue and agree with you. Safety is learned one day at a time best if begun at a young age. I am not sure it can be learned from a book, video or owner's manual for tools. Just this week on a lake down the street from my house two men near 60 years old went through the ice. One was rescued when a neighbor used a canoe to safely slide across the thin ice. The other, not so lucky, was pulled out hours later by fire department divers. What would possess folks to go onto thin ice?

Kent Lacey, Old Lyme, CT

Attracting New (Younger?) Members

There was a great turnout at our Delaware TSCA Chapter January meeting. This was our best attended meeting in some time. In addition to some faces I have not seen in a while there were two new members in attendance.

When I sit at the meetings and look around at the members participating there are two things that stand out. The first is the age of the attendees. There are a lot of white haired and gray haired people in the chairs. My point is while we have welcomed two new younger in age members, our base is older boaters. If a club or organization is to survive it needs new blood (old or young). In an effort to attract new faces we go to events like Eagle Fest. We want to inform the public that we are out here and welcome their joining us for the fun.

The second thing I see when looking at the participants at our meetings is the growing number of women who are attending. This is a great thing. Women small boat enthusiasts, wives and girlfriends are making up a growing portion of our active membership. So bring out your significant other to coming meetings.

Frank Strauss, Sewell, NJ

Our New Solar Powered Tour Boat!

The Hudson River Maritime Museum has acquired a 100% solar powered 44' tour boat, the latest version of the Solar Sal series. Built by the Hudson River Maritime Museum's restoration crew under the direction of Jim Kricker, this vessel is the only solar powered boat in operation on the Hudson River and does not require fossil fuels to operate.

The new tour boat will allow the museum to expand its popular Rondout Lighthouse Tours as well new history tours, trips to the Esopus Lighthouse, bird watching trips, sunset cruises and field trips to its on the water programming. The Solar Sal-44 can accommodate up to 25 passengers and will be available for private charters and can be added on to any rental of the museum's facilities.

Designed by marine architect Dave Gerr from a concept developed by David Borton, owner of Sustainable Energy, the Solar Sal-44 is commercial in design, meeting all US Coast Guard regulations for commercial passenger carrying vessels. In late 2018 the vessel passed her speed/range endurance test under the watchful eye of Coast Guard inspectors, using only reserve battery power. The Solar Sal-44 can travel up to 50 miles at night without the use of her solar panels. Even on cloudy days the solar panels are so efficient that they continue to power the batteries.



If you have questions, or wish to support this unique vessel and its programming, please contact Executive Director Lisa Cline at (845) 338-0071 Ext 20. More information on the tour boat and naming campaign can be found at www.hrmm.org/solar-boat-tours.html.

(About the Hudson River Maritime Museum: Located along the historic Rondout Creek in downtown Kingston, New York, the Hudson River Maritime Museum is a 501(c)(3) not for profit organization dedicated to the preservation and interpretation of the maritime history of the Hudson River, its tributaries and related industries. HRMM opened the Riverport Wooden Boat School in 2016 and the Riverport Sailing School in 2017.)

This Magazine...

Back Issue Bonanza

I was a subscriber for many years and always enjoyed the magazine. I later got involved in other activities. I now find myself tasked with cleaning out all those old copies. I have two large cartons (bulk copy paper size) of *Messing About in Boats* that I hate to pitch out which I will give to anyone interested for the cost of shipping or, better yet, have them come here to pick them up in person.

Pete Ventre, 19 Dean's Way, Cumberland, ME 04110, pete@ventre.us

Motley Crew

Glad to read you are feeling better. Like you, I tend to steer clear of the medical machine at 67. I enjoy the magazine with its motley crew of contributors. Here's wishing good health to you and your great publication in 2019.

Reagan Tucker, San Antonio, TX.

How About Shantyboats?

Thank you for continuing to produce this excellent magazine. I particularly enjoy "Over the Horizon." Some years ago I built two three board canoes, a Dennis Davis canoe and two other small Bolger/Payson boats. I don't know if I will build anything again.

In the future perhaps an occasional Shantyboat or DIY houseboat article?

Joel Owens, Escondido, CA

Editor Comments: We welcome any an all small boat articles, shantyboats and houseboats included. Their appearance on our pages depends on readers sending us articles about them.



April 12-13, 2019

www.portaransaswoodenboatfestival.org
Roberts Point Park
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Information: papwbf@gmail.com

Chesapeake Maritime Museum News

Metal Casting Workshop

CBMM is offering a metal casting workshop in its working shipyard from Wednesday, April 10, through Friday, April 12, with an additional day on Sunday, April 14. Held from 9am-4pm on all four days, the workshop is for participants ages 16 and older, with class size limited and advanced registration needed.

Christian Benefiel, sculpture artist and Shepherd University Professor, will guide participants through the intricacies of casting bronze and aluminum, creating wood, foam or wax molds, working the sand and furnace and pouring molten metal. The participants will learn the lost wax, or investment casting, technique and the more traditional green sand technique. The molds will be poured on Sunday, April 14. Participants will take home a working knowledge of casting metal from start to finish and their own creation. The workshop is \$500 with a 20% discount offered to CBMM members. Materials are included in the registration fee. To sign up, visit cbmm.org/bronzecasting.



New Apprentice Shipwrights at CBMM

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum had added two new Shipwright Apprentices to its team, Moses Dane of Albany, California, and Stephen North of New Hill, North Carolina.

Dane comes to CBMM after spending the past decade in Olympia, Washington, working at South Sound Shipwrights on boat refit projects. Before that he played an integral role in a two year refit of a gaff rigged topsail schooner. He holds a Bachelor of Arts from Evergreen State College in Washington, where he studied woodworking and metalworking. He has extensive volunteer experience, including working with children at the Wooden Boat Festival in Port Townsend, Washington, helping with the rebuild of the historic sailing yacht *Tally Ho* at Sampson Boat Co and assisting with non profit Sound Experience's maintenance work on schooner *Adventuress*, a century old National Historic Landmark tall ship.

North, who has prior experience working on a 50' Elco flat top motor yacht and with classic boat restoration, holds diplomas in both wooden boat building and boat manufacture and service from Cape Fear Community College in Wilmington, North Carolina.



Both Dane and North will contribute to CBMM's restoration of the 1912 river tug *Delaware*. Built in Bethel, Delaware, by William H. Smith, *Delaware* once hauled scows on Broad Creek, often laden with lumber, and towed ram schooners to and from Laurel, Delaware. Occasionally she carried parties of young people to Sandy Hill for day trips on the Nanticoke River. Donated to CBMM by Bailey Marine Construction in 1991, *Delaware* is now a member of the floating fleet on display along CBMM's waterfront campus. For restoration updates, visit CBMM's newly launched Shipyard website, cbmmshipyard.org, where regular progress reports, photos and videos are posted.

CBMM's Shipwright Apprentice Program is a full time on the job training program in the form of a professional apprenticeship, providing apprentices the opportunity to work on a wide variety of Chesapeake Bay indigenous watercraft and develop many related skills. The program provides the skills and experience of a working shipyard for apprentices with either little or no experience or recent graduates from other wooden boat building schools and programs. CBMM offers a formal four year apprentice certification, developed in line with US Department of Labor Employment and Training Administration standards and registered with the Maryland Apprenticeship and Training Program, a division of Maryland DLR's Workforce Development and Adult Learning. To learn more, or to apply for an apprenticeship, visit cbmm.org.

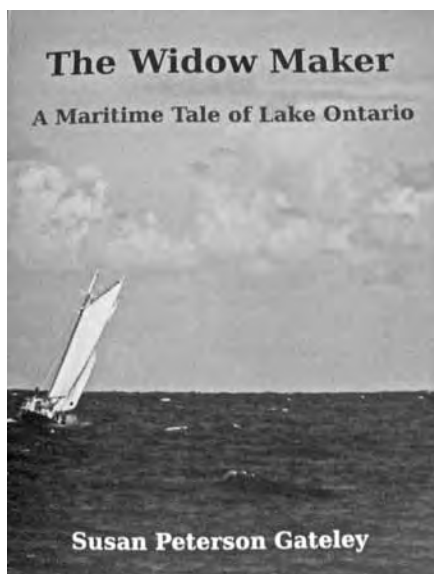
Find a Boat in Time for Spring

CBMM is hosting a Spring Boat Sale on Sunday, April 14, to help the public find their new boat ahead of the start of sailing season. Set for 10am-4pm, this one day sale will bring more than 50 boats to CBMM's campus, giving guests a chance for an in depth, in person look at its inventory. All offers will be considered and titling will be done on site by CBMM's experienced Charity Boat Donation Program staff.

From luxury boats to dinghies, CBMM accepts and sells donated boats all year round, with proceeds benefitting the children and adults served by CBMM's education, restoration and exhibition programming. To learn more, and to preview available boats, visit cbmm.org/boatdonation. Additional questions can be directed to boatdonation@cbmm.org.

"We've had some fantastic boats donated to us recently and they won't stick around here long," said Taylor Williams, director of CBMM's Charity Boat Donation Program. "This is your chance to get into a great boat at a great price just in time for warmer weather."





The Widow Maker

By Susan Peterson Gateley

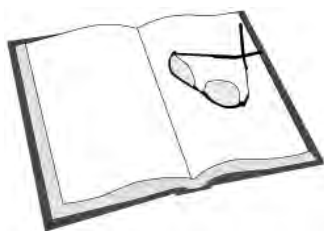
Reviewed by Greg Grundtisch

This is a compelling tale of a schooner and her owner, a novel, but composed with some real maritime events and history of the time and location. The time is 1880. A woman, Mollie McIntyre, becomes the owner of a cargo schooner due to her husband's accidental death in a gale trying to make port. A woman as a ship owner is almost unheard of at the time. *Gazelle* is the vessel, a two masted cargo schooner that loads and delivers coal, grain and lumber to various ports on Lake Ontario in both Canada and the United States.

A little digression for clarity. Sailing on fresh water on the Great Lakes to some, think of it only a large pond. To those that know, it can be much more challenging and dangerous sailing on fresh water in storms and worse yet in freezing temps. The water is less buoyant than brine, the scope (distance between waves) is much closer together and waves are also steeper than the rolling waves of the ocean. Fresh water freezes and builds up much faster than salt water. There is a little different sailing technique needed on fresh water. A series of 20' waves set close together in a strong breeze of wind make for some serious sailing. Add in freezing temperatures and things can quickly become deadly, as this tale will later explain.

Parts of this sailing story describe how, in spite of all that is socially unacceptable at that time in history, Mollie and her crew try to overcome some of the obstacles that Mother Nature, society and ignorance test and challenge them with, both in port and on the lakes, not always with success or the best results. This is not a story of a schooner and crew facing near misses, storms and such and then overcome them. There is some of that but much, much more adventure, conspiracy and people behaving badly to add to the body to the story.

Here is where the story will take some unexpected twists and turns that keep you wanting to read on. Along with the unexpected there is the interspersing of real historic social events and characters of the 1880s. It makes for some interesting comparisons of then and now.



Book Reviews

There are parts in the story where there are blunt descriptions of how women at that time in history were abused physically and otherwise onboard a ship. An unmarried woman had little option for employment and, if working on a ship as the only option as a last resort, likely as cook, she's at the mercy of the character of the captain and crew. A woman would have little protection in the rough ports as well and little recourse or justice when the unthinkable happens. In this story it did, all too common then. Some characters in this story took part in the abuse and the story tells of it.

Toward the end there is a bit of a sea change where you expect one thing and you get a surprise or two. There is plenty of detail about sailing across the lake, with descriptions of *Gazelle* sailing in different lake conditions, setting and striking sail in varying weather conditions and other ships she encounters and sometime conflicts with. You will read of some heroic lifesaving and some life lost in a collision of two different types of ships at sea, some based on real mishaps.

Eastern Lake Ontario, where this tale is told, is at the most dangerous part of the lakes. The *Gazelle* sails from ports at the eastern lee end of Lake Ontario and, once past Port Oswego, there is no turning back as the winds are consistently from the west and there are no ports on the eastern shore to run in to. If you wreck it is on a lee shore and there are records of hundreds of ships of all kinds that didn't make port and broke up on the beach.

I'll end my review with the last paragraph of the prologue of the book. It is a better description of the tale's beginning:

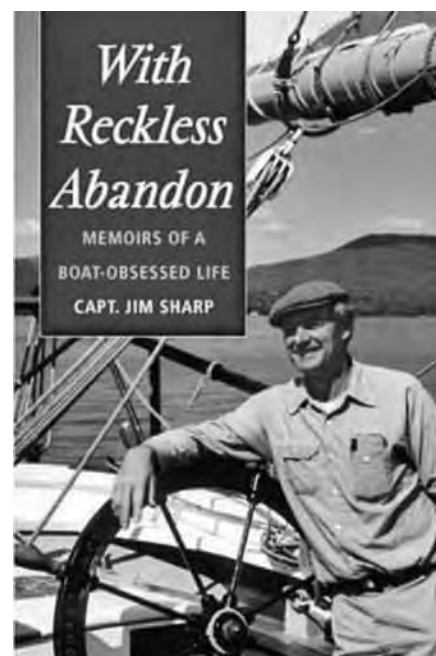
"Mollie McIntyre is now cook aboard the two masted schooner *Gazelle* purchased by her husband a few months before this tale begins. The vessel is a typical small carrier of her day being 90' on deck and 130' sparred length. She can carry 300 tons of grain or coal. Two McIntyre cousins, Tommy and Nate, along with a neighboring farm lad, Zeb, are crew, while Will's younger brother Ben is onboard as mate. On an April day the good ship *Gazelle* is about to begin her fourth and last voyage with Captain Will."

I may have spoiled a little of it there in my above description but don't worry, there's much more, including one of the worst Great Lakes storms of the 19th century.

About the Author: Susan Peterson Gateley is the author of a half dozen or more books about ecology and maritime history of Lake Ontario. She also has a blog, Lake Ontario Log, at www.silverwaters.com. Some of her other titles are; *Saving a Beautiful Lake*, *A Quest for Hope* (also on DVD), *Living on the Edge with Sara B*, *Twinkle Toes* and the *Riddle of the Lake*, *Maritime Tales of Lake Ontario*, *Legends and Lore of Lake Ontario*. She and her husband Chris sail the

schooner *Sara B* out of Little Sodus Bay, in Fairhaven New York. They also have produced the aforementioned DVD that may still be available. It is really well done.

The Widow Maker and her other titles are available on Amazon. You can contact her for titles I mentioned that may be out of print. She may still have a copy or two. *The Widow Maker* is a perfect book to read while relaxing in the yard on the hammock, or by the light of the lamp at anchor, or anytime you want something that is a pleasure to read. I loved it, you will, too.



With Reckless Abandon

By Captain Jim Sharp.

ISBN: 978-160893-000-5 – 2007

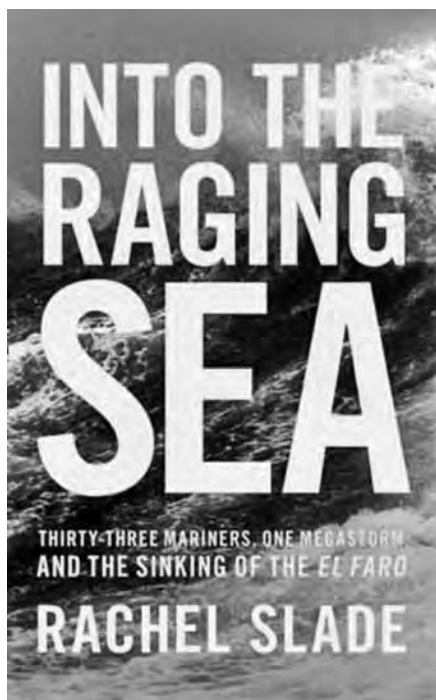
"Life is too short, to own an ugly boat"

Mini Review by Dan Rogers

Allow me to introduce you to Capt Jim Sharp. He's a fellow many of us would like to get to know, one some of us would like to be. I stumbled upon this short (272 pages) paperback while on a different search. I'm reminded that if we didn't go to different places, we'd never go anywhere at all. This guy, Sharp, takes his reader through 23 concise chapters and his own lifetime afloat pretty seamlessly.

The essence of his story is that Capt Sharp managed to do, every day, what the most of us only daydream about. Lurking behind an obviously polished storyteller is an intriguing hint of shameless raconteur, enterprising disregarder of rules and spontaneous adventurer. My kind of man! Certainly a vanishing breed.

You or I would likely be rather proud of ourselves to report bringing a derelict hull home and returning her 16' or 18' to service and former glory. This guy did the same with a 120' steam tug that he dragged up on the beach next to his windjammer pier in Camden, Maine, to turn the old girl into a restaurant. It's a tale of restoring and sailing and loving a clutch of ancient Grand Banks fishing schooners. It's a tale of taking chances and coming out ahead, but not always. This is a guy you really should get to know.



Into the Raging Sea

By Rachel Slade

Harper Collins 2018 - Paperback \$19.99

Reviewed by Boy'd Mefferd

Around 1930 my father's dear friend, Dennis Puleston, tired of working in a bank in England and, with the money he had saved, bought a 38' cutter. Along with an adventurous friend he set out for the Caribbean. Landing safely in Antigua, he had just barely settled in when he met another voyager who had made a similar trip, but alone in a glorified rowboat.

This man was to continue on to the United States so he purchased provisions and set out again, ignoring local warnings that a tropical storm was imminent. After crossing the whole Atlantic Ocean, a little storm wasn't going to stop him. Of course, he was never heard from again. During his long life Dennis sailed in many parts of the world but he died at home in bed and the lesson of the rowboat man was never lost on him.

Hubris is a human weakness and for some lessons are never learned. In 2015 I remember the news reported the loss of the 790' container ship *El Faro* in Hurricane Joaquin. Given her size (hardly a rowboat) and the weather forecasting technology available to her it is inconceivable that she could have been sailed directly towards the eye of a Category 4 hurricane to be predictably lost. I may have thought at the time that I would bet there was a good story there, and indeed that is the case.

When friends loaned me Rachel Slade's book, *Into the Raging Sea*, I already knew something of the story but was anxious to learn more. It consists of 360 pages of detailed reporting, written in the sort of style where even if you are familiar with the subject matter you're bound to learn more.

The book is divided into two parts, first the story of the first two days of the routine voyage to Puerto Rico pieced together from the actual black box recordings, and then the story of the inquiry and the \$3 million search

for said black box. It is quite a page turner and I recommend it to anyone who enjoys this kind of "Over the Horizon" material.

Ultimately *Into the Raging Sea* is cautionary tale with my taking away something I already knew, to be sure that the person serving as captain of any vessel I'm aboard is skilled, prudent and of sound mind because once the vessel leaves the dock he or she is in absolute command. You can't just get off and walk home. Mutinies have always been good book and movie material and had there been a mutiny on *El Faro*, 33 people would still be alive.

Slade relates the pressures from the shipping company and the career focused mentality that caused incredulous mates and crew to just cross their fingers and hope for the best. No US flagged container ship had ever been lost, so what were the chances that theirs would be the first?

I learned that since 1851 the Limitation of Liability Act caps an owner's liability to the value of the ship, provided that no shore based negligence can be established, so the families of the officers and crew were severely limited in what they could recover. Ultimately they even filed suit against the private weather service that the captain preferred because they had better "pictures" but had data that was often many hours old.

In fairness to the captain, Hurricane Joaquin turned out to be a very unpredictable storm and unexpectedly intensified. The mates saw relatively fresh and accurate data that did not look good but they could do little more than show it to the captain who didn't seem to like to read.

Slade does not make a blatant display of her politics but it doesn't take too much reading between the lines to see her disdain for shipping executives with no experience at sea, where profit trumped safety despite pious testimony about compliance at the inquiry.

Slade was a staff writer at *Boston Magazine* and did extensive research for the book, including a fortunately uneventful voyage on an auto transporter from Genoa to the United States so she could actually experience being at sea. Most people I know who have been at sea in a serious storm wish they hadn't been, so it's not really fair to expect a writer to go looking for trouble in order to write about trouble.

I've been on the open Atlantic in 80mph winds and don't even want to think about what conditions were like on *El Faro* at close to twice that. *The Perfect Storm* was filmed in a studio, while in real life there's not much to film when everything is white and there is no way to determine where the sea ends and the sky begins. Better to sit by the fire and read about it.

I highly recommend this book to anyone who enjoys reading about ships and weather. I recall a Gordon Lightfoot song about the loss of the Great Lakes freighter *Edmund Fitzgerald* and thought maybe some singer/songwriter will be inspired to take up the memory of the crew of the *El Faro* who were just trying to do their jobs.



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Window on the Water Away

Winter had the farm in an icy grip, the deep freeze set weeks ago, the ice on the lakes is deep and getting deeper. Occasional rainy events layer the lakes, trees and roads with a glassine coating, terrible in its beauty. Having seen this picture for more winters than I like to claim, I chose this year to haul anchor and sail off to the far ends of the earth, Tasmania!!! Combining the biannual event of the Australian Wooden Boat Festival in Hobart with a visit to my sister further down the coast from there makes sense.

Getting out of New England once the snow arrives is always a hit or miss event. To buffer ourselves from missing the 18 hour flight from LA to Auckland, New Zealand, we planned a few stops between Wolfeboro and LAX.

Visiting adult children near Oakland, California, made for a pleasant stop. Staying on the waterfront of the inner reaches of San Francisco Bay increased the pleasure. Waking to the sounds of gulls and work boats on the inner harbour took me back to our former home overlooking Plum Island Sound in Ipswich, Massachusetts, where I launched this column in the 1990s. This stop brought me full circle to a new Window on the Water.

Moored on the six finger dock in front of our hotel room was a craft that should have been resting on the Annisquam River, if this wasn't one of Phil Bolger's liveaboard trawlers, I'll eat my hat. There were a dozen floating docks with eight to ten fingers sticking out into the sluggish backwater at the end of a permanent dock complex.

As with many urban redevelopment schemes, the Port of Oakland is subject to the whims of style and political interests. This area is slowly being reformed into a leisure destination, a place to spend time and money on or near the water. Old storage buildings and waterfront supply houses are being rehabilitated into restaurants, hotels and yacht clubs. Some deemed beyond repair have been razed and new buildings, like our hotel, put in their place.

With all the redevelopment, the one constant is the water itself. San Francisco Bay has as much, if not a more, varied history than any eastern seaport. To have the opportunity to live on one of its backwater areas is to be immersed in a bit of that history. Across the inlet is Coast Guard Island where our Coast Guard houses its members and families. It is the main base for active service people for the area. Reduced from its size during the war years, it is still a vital cog in the wheel of defense and maritime law enforcement for the Northern California coastline and rivers. Massive ships tower over the tree line and sleek cutters ply the water of the Bay. Colorful RIBs zip along hailing commercial craft as needs be.

One morning I woke to a loud clanking and muffled shouts of workmen below the window. Looking out, I saw the most ungainly craft bumbling about the end of the dock. It was easily 70' in length and 25' in beam. Segmented by three color schemes, it housed a full sized steam shovel like apparatus in its midsection. The raised control house at the stern was mottled with rusty splotches, and had bent handrails going up the starboard side ladder. The foredeck was blunt nosed and almost square, but had clipped corners that held massive stanchions wreathed in industrial baggywrinkle.



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

Men in orange suits were using long flexible white poles, trying to free broken sections of blue foam flotation blocks from under an extension finger dock. They worked at this for several minutes, then the craft repositioned itself to allow them to grapple a broken dock section out of the water onto the deck. After a half hour of effort the ship turned upstream and departed. As it turned its stern toward me I could read "US Army" above a scabrous and illegible nameplate. The Army Corps of Engineers were my early wake up call that day!

The variation of watercraft designs tied up along this stretch of waterfront represented a solid cross section of what most of us are familiar with, both sail and power, along with a number of cleverly built houseboats. I'm informed that the house rents are so high in the area that if you want to be near the water you'd likely chose to live aboard, saving land rent and being able to enjoy your boat whenever you like. Again, friend Phil is in evidence among the houseboats. Small stumpy stable craft to longer, sleek, top heavy motorsailers are all elbowed into the docks. The average age seemed to be 20 years, with many of indeterminate vintage moldering at their moorings.

For every bubble wracked fiberglass hull there was another pristinely cared for boat, either a gleaming gel coated neatly shrouded sailboat, or motorboat. There were also several immaculately restored and maintained wooden boats, a three to one sail to power. This anchorage held a kaleidoscope of watercraft from every era, build and style. It was a joy to stroll along the well planned harbour walk and take it all in.

Our quick trip to LA didn't include the waterfront, so my next report will be from Hobart, Tasmania, and its intricate series of harbours and inner harbour pools, filled with over 500 boats in every dimension from 8' punts to 150' timber carriers. Gybe Ho!

Window on Hobart Harbour Tassie

After a very long flight we landed in Melbourne, Australia, and spent a few days recovering. Melbourne is a walker's city and a gardener's delight where parks and gardens abound.

From there it was on to Hobart in Tasmania where the crenelated shoreline was speckled with watercraft. The offshore fisheries are thriving here and large sailing rigs are abundant. There may be more Tall Ships plying the water here in the southern island state than in the whole of mainland Australia.

lia. Think Camden, Maine, times ten, where mountains and water are juxtaposed. To say that this Australian state lives and dies by the ocean would be putting it mildly. It has a vast uninhabited interior and a fair share of agricultural land, but its coastal communities are its life's blood.

We stayed within a few blocks of the waterfront, so could easily access the Australian Wooden Boat Festival for the four days it ran. My first impression was "another Newport." That was from a two hour first pass with hunger nipping at our heels. Our feet were worn out from just doing a third to half of the venues, so the next day we made a more leisurely and thorough visit. What was on offer was mind boggling. It was an eye opener for sure. SO many boats in one place (several piers and pockets/pools between quays). I was amazed to learn its ALL free!!

The style of boat down here is certainly different, a holdover from their colonial influence, no doubt, as well the working needs of the area (just over the horizon is Antarctica). Boats from the Launceston area on the north shore are super rugged as the Bass Straights are perhaps a smaller version of the roaring '40s and needs must be built to withstand the rigors of plying the active water there.

I'm not in awe of the tall ships, having grown up within reach of our wonderful Maine Windjammer fleet. There were also many childhood visits to *Old Ironsides*. Add the Coast Guard's Eagle into the mix and you've got to go some to catch my eye. The variation of tall/old ships represented at the AWBF was impressive.

Beyond the big obvious attractions were acres of smaller craft, arrayed stern to the docks and wharfs. I heard there were over 500 in the water and easily several score on display on the land. There was a contingent of American boat related folk in attendance as this was America's turn to be the Guest Country.

Jon Wilson's talk was packed early on so we sat out in the room with a large screen to listen to his remembrances about starting *Wooden Boat Magazine*. He spoke of interesting events during his tenure at the helm. We secured seats early enough to be able to enjoy Brion Toss give two seminars on rigging. Sean Koomen delivered an eye opening talk about what the Northwest School of Wooden Boat Building is all about. He took us through the complete building of a boat start to finish.

Steve White (Joel White's son) gave a moving talk about how he came back to work at the yard his father started and where he sees the future of boat building heading. Among the boats he's built are some far out new composition material boats, which makes these boats utterly amazing!

Aussie John Dikkenberg gave a rousing talk about his experiences, including his current billet as the Commander of the *HMB Endeavor*, a replica of Captain Cook's ship, as well as Master of the 1874 iron hulled barque *James Craig*, 179.8' waterline, 229.6' LOA, 108.2' mainmast height, 12.3' draft, 31.3' beam, 671 gross tons, 18' deep hold, 1,100 ton capacity, 14kn speed, powered by 21 sails on the three mast barque design.

Off to one side of the extensive port complex was a tent city. One tent housed the American Precinct. Inside we were ably represented by Northwest Boat Building School and Port Townsend Sails. Closer to home, South Shore Boatworks from Plymouth, Massachusetts, had a great setup showing the

complicated construction of boat wheels. It was a treat to find a fellow from home who knows our friend and builder of our fantastic Melonseed Skiff, Roger Crawford! It is indeed a very small world.

Within the tent housing the American exhibitors there were a few Aussie craftsmen. I took several pictures of a clever design for a sapling or whip lathe. I have several iterations of this ancient device and will likely refine them into my own setup this spring. Greenwood working has been an interest of mine for decades.

We didn't stay for the end of the fourth day but, as with most major shows, there was a "build your own boat" section to encourage kids to try boat construction. Mostly stitch and glue or the heavy cardboard and epoxy tape/glue. I'm sure everyone had fun.

I'll have a few specific highlights to share next. This show is held every other year. This was the first year it was free to all and with good attendance and donations they hope to keep it as a free venue. I highly recommend it as a great winter getaway. Break your trip in Melbourne for a few days to get your land legs back from the 18 hour flight. (A Skycouch with Air New Zealand is worth the extra cost for two people.)

Looking forward to Ice OUT on Lake Winnepesaukee. Gybe Ho!



Ready to ram.

James Craig, originally the *Clan MacLeod*, was built in Sunderland, England, circa 1874. She was a long distance cargo ship. Renamed in 1905. Later laid up and dismantled, then sunk in Recherche Bay. In 1932 she underwent a 25 year restoration and returned to active service in 2001! She's one of the last of her kind. Remarkable story.



Olde and new.



Inner harbor off Elizabeth Pier.



Steam engines.



Tricked out passagemaker.



US Import from '55.



US import closeup.



"Think North" was the rallying cry of one of my guides 30 years ago on a Canadian Barren Lands expedition. That motto has haunted me ever since upon discovering the Arctic. I was back again in Yellowknife, Northwest Territories, Canada.

The Explorer Hotel in Yellowknife is a familiar gathering place for many adventurous people, gold and diamond prospectors, mining entrepreneurs, fishermen, hunters and rafting/canoeing/kayaking expeditioners.



A symbol of the North, a stuffed polar bear stands guard in Yellowknife's Explorer Hotel lobby. The king of the ice fields has no threatening natural enemies except man.

It was late June 2018, with the midnight sun at its zenith when I arrived. I would join others for an outfitted 17 day rafting expedition down the Coppermine (or Kugluktuk in the Inuit language) River to the Arctic Ocean. The members of our party kept showing up one by one, or two by two, at the hotel. From one of the guides who had arrived early I learned that we would comprise a group of 15, four guides and 11 guests. The early birds flocked to the Trapline Lounge where Nigel, the amiable bartender originally from Newfoundland, kept saying, "Have another Stella?"

Following an orientation meeting the night before, we met the next morning hefting our personal gear at 7:30am in the hotel lobby. We were not alone. Forty fisherpeople were registering for the same hour and a half plane flight to Plummer's Lodge on Great Bear Lake. As we waited, our party rapidly became "one big family." I had been with two of the guides before, along with two repeat guests. "Do you know so and so?" "What year did you take that trip?" "Who was your guide?"

Jamie was the only guide who had taken the Coppermine trip before, back in 2015. She is 40 years old, a dynamo of unlimited energy. A complete sportswoman, she skis, mountain bikes, plays soccer and swims in hot springs, along with her paddling expertise. She had resided for extended periods in Australia and England. In the off season she lives in Golden, British Columbia, where she works as a paramedic. Jamie is a motivator and a leader in every sense, positive, knowledgeable and sensible. "Ignore the problems. You just roll forward," she would tell us at our prep meeting in the morning before hitting the river.

Where the Caribou Run Free

Rafting Canada's Coppermine River

By Richard E. Winslow III



Dedicated to the early explorers and later travelers who, upon entering the Arctic wilderness, feel overwhelmed by the endless immensity of land, water and sky which takes one's breath away.

Alan is a Scotsman, originally from Aberdeen, who had taken on Canadian citizenship at the age of 26. He has pursued the outdoor lifestyle beyond the limit, especially in South America, river by river, lake by lake, mountain by mountain, Inca ruin by Inca ruin. Like Jamie, Alan makes his living in the off season as a paramedic in Hamilton, Ontario. "I always make one trip a year with this outfit," he told me. "The great morale and the people I meet keep me coming back."

The other two guides I knew from previous Arctic trips on the South Nahanni and the Tatshenshini Rivers. Roger is 58 years old and had retired six years earlier as a fire department captain in Edmonton, Alberta. After his firefighting career he was glad to return back home to his native New Brunswick. Rog oftentimes proudly wore a sweatshirt with the lettering, "FIRE RESCUE." With such a background of command, organization and equipment, he has carried these skills over to his guiding. His humor and stories kept tumbling out. "Why ruin a good story with the facts," he would say. Then again, "When do you know when a guide is lying? When he opens his mouth."

Linda, Rog's wife, had likewise rafted the aforementioned rivers with her husband. She had worked as a computer expert and raised two sons. I depended upon her as my helper, pitching and striking my tent, carrying heavy pack loads and anticipating problems before they arose. She had a genius of finding "lost" items, whether for me or anyone else. With the onset of winter she and Rog head for Baja California, Mexico, for ocean kayaking.

The ten other guests, in addition to me, are veteran world travelers, Mongolia, Antarctica, South America, Russia and Australia, describing their journeys as routine and nothing out of the ordinary.

Jo Ann, a retired University of Alberta professor, had been a mountaineer, climbing Mounts McKinley and Kilimanjaro. In her later years she has turned her attention to less strenuous river expeditions. During winters she writes mystery novels, the last set on

the South Nahanni. We knew each other from that trip. Undoubtedly all for the best, she had not included me as one of the characters in her book. Even in a fictional narrative I don't like to be murdered.

Esther is an American from Minnesota. In 1998 she took a sabbatical leave to go to Australia where she has remained ever since, having gained employment with an Australian university. Holding dual citizenship, she legally votes twice.

Terry Lea, her friend, is a native Australian and has roamed around the world. "The only problem with Australia for river trips is that the country is too dry, not enough water. So I head for New Zealand for rafting and kayaking."

Tim, a retired welder from Saskatchewan, is very proud of his native province. I had first met him three years earlier on Yukon's Firth River. A bout with surgery had prevented him from joining our rafting excursions for a year or so. But now, restored to health, he was back again doing what he loves and bringing along his fishing rod.

Elliot and Meredith hail from Ottawa where Elliot had served his country as a career government official. Historian that I am, I could not resist asking if he had known or met any prime ministers. "No, I haven't," he said, "and I don't regret it." Other guests included a doctor, his wife, a tax consultant and an engineer.

So much for introductions, we all had waited for months to undertake this trip. We would put in at the Big Bend section of the Coppermine. The river flows out of its Lac de Gras headwaters northward for 419 miles, ending at the town of Kugluktuk, once called Coppermine, whereupon in 1996, the town's name reverted back to its original Inuit nomenclature. This community is located on Coronation Gulf of the Arctic Ocean on the Northwest Passage. Our own journey would cover 114 miles to the sea.

The Inuit have lived here, hunting and fishing for 8,000 years. It was not until 1771 that Englishman Samuel Hearne, with his Indian guides, became the first white man to descend the Coppermine from his put in at Sandstone Rapids. We would arrive at this site after a few days of rafting north from Big Bend. Other explorers, and more recently recreational kayakers/canoists/rafters, have followed. Pierre Elliott Trudeau made his descent in 1966, excellent training for a future Prime Minister. For us, the expedition commenced with a van ride from the hotel to the Yellowknife airport to board Plummer's private plane, airborne for Great Bear Lake.

After an hour and a half flight we landed on Plummer's airstrip. "Welcome to Bear," exclaimed one of the lodge guides. After a short walk down to the shore we broke up into three different groups to board a motorboat and crossed a bay over to the world famous fishing retreat. Plummer's encompasses a lot more than a routine wilderness camp. The place is, in fact, a small community, 20 cabins, main lodge, tackle store, motorboats, bush planes, maintenance buildings, roads and massage room, right down to the camp dogs which greeted us.

The lodge has a spacious dining room, a bar and a fireplace with blazing logs. Along with large detailed maps with inked in sites of spike camps owned by Plummer's at prime fishing locations, the walls are adorned with bearskins, stuffed fish and mounted deer and moose heads, almost like a menagerie. Color

photographs abound with fishermen and fishermen holding their trophy size lake trout for display.



Plummer's Lodge on Great Bear Lake, Northwest Territories, Canada, attracts fishermen from all over the world. Our party utilized its float plane service for our put in and take out.

The picture of one smiling guest with his guide, complete with an autograph inscription, seemed familiar. I looked closer. The individual turned out to be George H. W. Bush, a resident of Kennebunkport on the Maine coast, just 30 miles from my hometown of Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Better known for his political career than his love of fishing, I could not help but think that Bush enjoyed himself more at this lodge than in the halls of Congress or at the White House.

Plummer's has a seven week season and, for \$5,245 a week, one can indulge in his favorite hobby. The lodge caters to 300 anglers a year with 44 capacity. Bush pilots take their clients out to the best angling areas and fry up a hot lunch on shore with freshly caught lake trout, Arctic char and grayling. If one wants a little more privacy, he or she can be flown to one of the spike camps on various bays. Loyal customers return year after year.

For relaxation, one can step outside to sit in a chair on the lodge deck to view the magnificent frontage of Great Bear Lake, a mammoth body of water over 12,000 square miles. It is the eighth largest freshwater lake in the world. From this vantage point, he or she might be tempted to write the Great Canadian or the Great American novel, the perfect place for inspiration.

Above and beyond being a fishing haven, Plummer's serves as a convenient transfer staging area for canoeing/rafting trips, exactly the reason we were here in the first place. We had met and conversed with members of the Black Feather outfit of Ontario, about to embark on their own canoeing expedition on the Hood River.

Three of the guides went ahead on the first flight to set up camp and inflate the rafts. When I arrived on the third flight our tent village was taking shape as our plane landed with a splash. Our campsite was free of snow. Higher on the slope of the ridge across the river, snow banks extended the length of football fields. The three rafts were all lined up in a row on the gravel bank. They were yellow with blue lettering of "CANADIAN RIVER ADVENTURES" and numbered "4," "5" and "6."



"Don't drop it! Otherwise we'll have no eggs for the duration of the expedition!" A volunteer chain gang heaves baggage and supplies to set up camp.



Don't get lost here or chances are a search party may never find you! Viewed high overhead from a bush plane, the landscape spreads out seemingly to infinity with lakes, rivers and swamps across the tundra.

Our outfit was equipped with Maravia rafts manufactured in Boise, Idaho. Founded in 1972, the company has since placed 6,000 rafts on the water. They resemble huge elongated tube shaped hot dogs with a center section where the guides sit to man the oars. During my four previous Arctic expeditions I had found these boats to be exceptionally rugged. Aside from routine pumping in the morning to maintain proper air pressure, the guides did not need to perform any additional maintenance. With more weight and balance, rafts are much safer in whitewater compared to canoes and kayaks, absorbing more punishment with, heaven forbid, an accidental slam against hidden rocks or cliff faces.

Once on the Big Bend riverbank, I was momentarily disorientated as the river was not flowing north, but south. As I soon

learned, the rowdy river heads south but for a short stretch and then, finally making up its mind, the water flow curves and aims north.

After breakfast the next morning we loaded the rafts, piling and cramming packs, boxes and bags aboard and lashing them down with cords. The mountain of gear was so high that one had to crawl over it to arrive at one's seat. Above was a gray sky with black patches hovering ominously. A lone wolf ambled across the slope above us. The animal either never sensed we were there or nonchalantly ignored us. Hopefully he presented a good omen for us, being calm and relaxed, a good example to follow.

No more delays! No more stalling! No more talk! Climb aboard! Sit down! Let's go!

The guides reached for the oars. The first two days were easy rafting in a gentle stream. We watched the Hook River tributary flow into the Coppermine, giving our rafts a wider, more manageable waterway. This laid back feeling, however, was not destined to last much longer. "There are five rapids on this expedition," Jamie said. "The first one is at Rocky Defile."

In the late afternoon we reached our campsite above Rocky Defile on river right. Ahead was a 200' canyon, the cliffs compressing the river tightly with the constant roar of water. It was an expedition now, not a leisurely cakewalk trip. Intent on scouting, some members of our party stumbled over the tortuous boulder strewn shoreline for a climb up to the top. Once there, they were able to peer down to view the 1,640' rapids.



After supper Rog regaled the guests into the dining tent and zipped the door up snugly to shut out mosquitoes. Even that precaution was momentarily compromised with people hastily coming in and out the door. "There are strange things done," he began, "in the land of the midnight sun," reciting Robert Service's "The Cremation of Sam McGee." I had heard him previously deliver this standard oration of the Canadian North on the aforementioned river trips. Without reading or glancing at notes, Rog briefly stumbled but once or twice, recovering a dropped line for a complete recital.

Bob Service, often referred to as "the Canadian Kipling," specialized in bizarre far-out poems. Another verse that he might well have written would have resulted in another "Up North" classic, "The Mosquito Biting of Dick Winslow," or indeed anyone else in the tent. Despite our layers of clothing and tight socks, the blood thirsty vampires somehow penetrated around or through the cloth and bit our ankles.

Itchy skin and all, we braced for the shooting of the Rocky Defile rapids the next morning. Our rafts one by one in line at a safe distance to provide room, approached the slot through the red volcanic cliffs. We swung to the center to avoid the walls, the river charging ahead in a convulsive fit. "Hold on, Dick," Linda yelled. "Hold on," as I grasped a strap with both hands. I did not bounce out, not a white knuckle ride, but a wet knuckle one as I was thoroughly splashed with cold water. Zoom, zoom, zoom, we snaked through the rock piles safely as the river widened and mellowed.



With the patience of geology, it is just a matter of time. With millions of years of erosion, Rocky Defile rapids charges through the canyon it created.

The next few days passed easily past Kendall River, Stoney Creek and Melville Creek. I have always been puzzled by a longing for adventure on these expeditions, jolted by a unexpected crisis. Pulp novels, thrill movies and hell bent for leather magazine articles thrive on this macho approach. In these scenarios there might be a grizzly bear attack to start the morning, a snow or rock avalanche during a high noon lunch break on shore and finally bolts of lightning igniting forest fires by dusk, about to sweep over the campsite. Moreover, a bush pilot perhaps



almost crashes his plane as he lands in fog to fly out the survivors.

For me, the others in the party, as well as most explorers, the ideal is a routine nine to five day, as if one were at an office. I was content to leave such heroics to poor planners and foolish daredevils. Outfitters avoid danger. Our trip was run in a most conservative matter with risks cut to a minimum.

Once off the river, we relaxed. Courtesy of our self appointed fishing team, everyone relished freshly caught Arctic char for dinner. On Canada Day, July 1, Jamie served up a special dessert, marshmallows with red and white flakes on top to honor the colors of the national flag. Three days later on July 4, she prepared red, white and blue decorated marshmallows just for me, the sole American on the trip.



Freshness guaranteed. Excellent angling for lake trout, Arctic char and grayling in an almost unfished wilderness assures sumptuous dinners.

Whether in Washington, DC or on a remote Arctic river, American Independence Day is faithfully observed. On July 4, Dick receives a special red, white and blue frosted marshmallow dessert.



On July 5 we pulled into the Muskox Rapids campsite, an easy run compared to Rocky Defile. The next morning we understood why the place was so named. Seven musk oxen leisurely strolled by on the opposite bank on a grassy pasture as if they were cattle grazing. They continued on over a ridge with a few stunted trees.

Every day as we headed northward there were fewer and fewer trees, colder and colder weather as we added and more more layers of clothes. Noted for storms, wind and rain, the Arctic Ocean was looming closer with each oar stroke. One evening the dining tent could not withstand the blasts of wind. We dismantled it immediately. During one afternoon a well pegged tent, uprooted by a strong gust, blew away as if it was a puffed up balloon. One guide chased after it and seized the flaps as the half airborne tent somersaulted into the river. Fortunately nothing was lost.

This near catastrophe happened at what I called "The Cross in Memory of Two Priests" campsite. With a layover day, Jamie was determined to find the cross somewhere downstream. "I know the approximate site of the cross," she said, "based on what another guide told me." She left with about half of our group as they struck out on a hike with a bag lunch, canteens and day packs. They followed game trails on their way. In the late afternoon they returned.

"What a surprise," they exclaimed to me and the others who had stayed behind. "We never found the cross but stumbled upon an abandoned camp up from the shore," they continued. "We looked around and discovered aviation fuel drums, a stove and tin cans with the date of the year 1933 on them." Such a chance discovery always tugs at one's imagination. Who were these unknown individuals? What were they doing here? Were they prospectors, hunters or fishermen? Did they winter over? Why did they leave? The whole story remains a mystery.

The next morning we were greeted with a gray chilly day and occasional rain, all too common weather in the Barren Lands. With our tight schedule we were all the more determined to press on, regardless of the climate. The river gradually descended into a canyon. We approached Sandstone Rapids, the place where Samuel Hearne first glimpsed the Coppermine River on July 14, 1771, with his Indian scouts. With the long land trek over, and finally with access to water, he launched his canoes for the descent.

We did not know the exact spot of Hearne's put in, but the identical ordeal for him and for us, 247 years later, swept into view, Sandstone Rapids, followed by Escape Rapids. I saw continuous whitewater ridges ahead, one after the other, almost like heavy surf waves in the ocean, for about a mile. Our guides were exceptionally careful in this thrashing relentless fury. Suddenly our raft hit a hidden rock and we spun halfway around with a violent jolt. Our oarsman made a quick jerk to stabilize the raft and swung it back downstream. The whole mishap was over in a few seconds. A dump in the cold water and being swept downstream could have been fatal.

of our Big Bend put in at the beginning of our expedition, we had crossed the border, totally unmarked, from Canada's Northwest Territories into Nunavut, largely populated by Inuits. This new territory was created by the Canadian Parliament with the passage of the Nunavut Land Claims Agreement and the Nunavut Act of July 9, 1993, followed in 1999 by an official split from the Northwest Territories. "Now that we've reached the Nunavut," one of our party said with excitement, "I've been to all the Canadian provinces except Newfoundland." Nunavut is by far the most isolated. For us, the exact boundary held little significance, amounting to a mere line drawn by a government mapmaker in Ottawa.

The two Inuit men lived in the town of Kugluktuk at the mouth of the Coppermine, about 12 miles distance. To reach Kugluk Bloody Falls Territorial Park, they commuted daily by ATVs. The park is a seasonal operation and closed in the winter. "Once our park duties are over in the fall we go muskox and deer hunting," the senior ranger continued. "On Nunavut Day (July 9, the date of independence) I went to a barbecue."

The rangers quickly left for the uphill hike, escorting the indisposed person and her spouse to the ATVs to drive them to Kugluktuk for emergency dental care. As luck would have it, a dentist came to this community for a day once a month and today was the day. To



A ridge of whitewater, one after the other, requires a delicate twist of oars to avoid hitting rocks and dumping. Even seasoned guides occasionally fail to see submerged boulders until it is too late.

A short time later, on river right, we approached a nameless waterfall, with two prongs joining together with a free 328' drop over the cliff to the river. Here perhaps is the home of the Gods, a most spectacular sight. Further downstream the once commanding cliff face gradually emerged as a hilly slope. As we landed for our night's campsite early enough in the afternoon, a group walked back along the top of the ridge to view this dazzling waterfall at its source.

At the same campsite we finally observed what we had vainly looked for the day before, a white cross across the river on a high bank. This memorial paid homage to two Oblate missionary priests who were murdered in 1913 by two Inuits, a most sad and unfortunate event in Canadian history. That evening Rog talked about this tragedy.

The next morning our party faced another challenge. One of our party members had broken a tooth a couple of days before and the swelling and pain had travelled up her face. The guides weighed all options. A medical helicopter evacuation in the Arctic cost \$25,000. Many guests on these trips take out insurance policies well ahead of time to confront this possibility. Fortunately the person's health had not approached a crisis and she would continue on the next day with the expedition approaching the end.

Morning brought forth a bright, sunny, reasonably warm day. We rafted out of the canyon into a broad expanse of the Coppermine, which had become almost an inland lake. By now the banks and ridges were treeless, just stunted bushes. Somewhere in the proximity

Ahead of us, the lake pinched into a narrow river with the distant roar of Bloody Falls racing through the canyon it had created. On river left the guides spotted the established landing place with a trail winding up to the top of a ridge. Once on shore we were ready for lunch. Presently two Nunavut rangers arrived. They looked sharp in their uniforms. We offered them hot coffee, the traditional gesture of hospitality in the North. "You missed the caribou migration by one week," the older ranger said. "They were all over the hills across the river."

Time for hot coffee and hospitality! Two Nunavut rangers at the Kugluk Bloody Falls Territorial Park provide welcome advice and news to our party.



conclude the story, the root canal surgery was successful and the couple rejoined our group two days later.

The luxury of our salmon sandwich lunch was over. Jamie knew the path well. "We'll hike up the steep trail with all the switchbacks," she said, "reach the top where there is a wooden planked section going over a swampy area. Then we descend on a route through rock slabs to our campsite. Be careful! The footing may be slippery. The hike is roughly a mile long."



"What river will we raft next year?" Dinner in folding chairs around a campfire always prompts plans for future expeditions.

With Linda alongside of me to provide support and balance, I grabbed a paddle to use as a cane. We started uphill, the path muddy with recent rains. At level places between the switchbacks I often stopped to catch my breath. Finally we gained the ridge

and emerged onto the boardwalk planks. I glanced toward Bloody Falls far below, gleaming white in the sun.

The easy part of the hike was over. Ahead of us, the descent route winds back and forth through a tortuous rock garden maze, bedrock in places, loose slabs with sharp angles, ledges with drops to the next step. The treacherous footing required our utmost caution. Stone cairns marked the way. The hike was just as dangerous as being in Class VI rapids on the river. One slip meant landing on hard rock, not rushing water.

"Short steps over these small rocks," Linda would say, or "Slide down on your bottom over this ledge" or, the most welcome command of all, "Stop! It's time for a rest." I suddenly realized that I was walking on approximately the same path the Inuit hunters and fishermen had used for thousands of years and still do today. They rely on inukshuks or "stone men" markers on this passage.

"Hallelujah!" I exclaimed as the trail flattened to a level grassy plateau, our campsite for the next two nights. The Nunavut government has established the Kugluk (translated as "waterfall")/Bloody Falls Territorial Park here. The campsite has been used for thousands of years with views overlooking the leaping white water below. All of us, even before the expedition started, knew the tragic history associated with this place. That evening in our zipped up for survival dining tent, outside the mosquitoes were the worst of the entire trip, Rog read from Samuel Hearne's own account.

On July 17, 1771, at 1am, the Dene members of the Hearne's party, along with Yellowknife Indians, attacked an unsuspecting Inuit campsite on the same ground we had pitched our tents. These two peoples had been enemies for centuries, long before Hearne had appeared on the scene. The attackers killed 20 men, women and children. Hearne had earlier attempted to reconcile this animosity with the Indians but to no avail. The ensuing massacre affected Hearne for the rest of his life.

"Even at this hour," he wrote, "I cannot reflect on the transactions of that horrid day without shedding tears." He named the

rapids "Bloody Falls," known originally by the Inuit as Kugluktuk, translated as "it flows rapidly" or "spurts like a cut artery." Our campsite as well occupied the same place where the priests were murdered in 1913. At the park there are no markers, plaques, signs or monuments to refer to these events, just flora and fauna interpretative boards. I was comforted to see that there are no reminders of those tragedies, the feeling of sadness in one's heart was ample enough.

The following layover day our party split into two groups. The more ambitious left to explore the hills to the west. I remained in camp with a half dozen people. In the afternoon the hikers returned. "What did you see?" I asked. "We saw the ocean in the distance," one answered. "We also viewed an adult ptarmigan herding five chicks along in a file, walking away from us."

I reflected on the value of these birds in the North. Generally ptarmigan do not move away when humans approach and can be hit by an accurate throw of a stone. Many explorers, along with modern day wilderness travelers, have depended upon this bird for food, even survival, especially during the winter. Two snowshoe friends of mine on an extended trek on Quebec's Ungava Peninsula ran out of food. Having had the foresight to take along a rifle, they shot ptarmigan to ward off starvation. In our case, no one in our

hiking party saw fit to stone the bird as we had plenty of food remaining.

Back in camp we had found enough excitement as well. We headed for a cliff with our cameras for an anticipated run of Bloody Falls, more accurately rapids, by Rog in his empty raft. I was too nervous to approach too closely to the overlook, while the more agile ventured to the edge. "There he goes," someone shouted as Rog appeared at the top of the shoot. As others later told me, he was seeing the channel route ahead for the first time. Hesitating momentarily at a place where he made a last second decision for the best possible route, he shot through the continuous torrent. "He's gone through," someone exclaimed. I had missed the show.

Rog had reached the mellow water below the rapids in a magnificent run. The rocky bench below the whitewater is known by the Inuit as Onoagohiorike, translated as where one "stays all night," a reference to the excellent fishing. That same day two men with a dog had landed their motorboat on the opposite bumpy rock shore and alighted with their fishing rods and tackle boxes.

The next morning our goal was to reach Kugluktuk for our bush plane flight south to Plummer's Lodge. Otherwise there was no scheduled air transportation for a week. The dawn broke most unfavorably, unblest, as we looked out to a chilly, raw, limited hori-



Bloody Falls is a wake up call for inexperienced canoeists, kayakers and rafters. Many wisely portage to avoid this dangerous obstruction en route to the Northwest Passage.

Welcome to Coppermine City, population 15. Our tent encampment on the river constitutes an outpost of civilization. Day hikes provide an opportunity for wildlife sightings.



zon world. Bad weather was rolling in from the Arctic Ocean. We undertook a second trek over loose and slippery rocks for roughly a quarter mile down to the rafts. There were no trees to grab for support to arrest a fall in this desolate place. Linda assisted me down safely and then went back to steady a second person. Luckily we were spared falls or injuries.

Once through the gorge, the river again became a lake. Our rafts splashed into the water for the final push to Kugluktuk. A slight current aided the oarsmen as we floated onward in the cold mist. At noon we landed on river right for our final field lunch of our expedition, a jumble of rocks where the guides struggled to find a level place to set up the table and folding chairs.

"Look! Caribou!" someone exclaimed. Two caribou, apparently spooked by our intrusion, broke into a full sprint up the slope. Within seconds the caribou gained the ridge, their heads and antlers in silhouette. The next moment they bounded over the ridge. The two must have been stragglers or otherwise lost from the main herd which had migrated south the week before.

"We have finally seen the caribou!" the two Australian ladies burst forth in excitement. "That is one of the reasons we came all this way, to see these animals for the first time. And at the last moment!"

A motorboat approached by prearrangement and landed, with an Inuk man from Kugluktuk as the pilot. Our most dependable raft was now unceremoniously demoted, being pulled with a long rope in back of the motorboat. I was assigned to the first run to town. All that remained of our expedition was the boat ride to Kugluktuk, a bush pilot flight to Plummer's, an overnight there and a second flight to Yellowknife.

After a hot shower and clean clothes, we assembled at the Explorer Hotel's Trader's Grill dining room. Nigel, the bartender, was busy supplying the long table with beer and wine, prompting toast after toast with a clink of glasses. We all exchanged addresses. I promised Nigel that I would mail him a DVD videotape of our trip. Faced with a 4am wake up call the next morning to catch a plane home out of Yellowknife, I decided to leave the table early.

I felt sad, about to say goodbye to some of the most remarkable people I had ever met in my life. Chances were I would never see most of them again. I had gone through the same emotional feelings at the end of my earlier Arctic trips. Our Coppermine group, nevertheless, would always share this spiritual bond of great friendship in our hearts for the rest of our lives.

My other thought was more cheerful. In the winter of 2017-2018, our outfitter announced an upcoming expedition on Yukon's Snake River. That trip as it turned out, never materialized, as the Coppermine took its place. Talk among a few of us at the table drifted to the possibility that, if the trip were offered, we would meet again in 2019 for a descent of the Snake. For those who embrace this restless lifestyle of running wild rivers it was, at least for me, an easy, almost instinctual decision. Like the caribou on their annual migration, I would return next year to Canada's Barren Lands.

Think North! On to the Snake in 2019!

Practical Information

A Coppermine River trip requires precise planning, meticulous logistics and considerable money. The isolation is extreme. The weather is unpredictable. With such risks, this is no place for an accident or illness. I recommend a guided trip with professionals. Contact:

Canadian River Expeditions and
Nahanni River Adventures

PO Box 31203

Whitehorse, Yukon, Canada Y1A 5P7

Toll Free: (800) 297-6927

(867) 668-3180

Fax (867) 668-3056

What is around the next bend? Who knows, as we charge down the fast water of the Coppermine on a voyage of discovery.



View of the Arctic Sea from the mouth of the Coppermine River (1821) by George Back.



A Lament for the Boat Left Out

Story & Photos by Bob Muggleston
Editor *Points East* Magazine

I'd found the boat of my (cheapskate) dreams, and a post purchase inspection proved she was as good as advertised. The problem? She was on a mooring in another state and it was nearly January.

Decisions, decisions...

"A boat is always there, you never stop worrying about her whether you are aboard or ashore, she is always a presence in the mind and you're conscious of her at all times. Men lie awake worrying about their bank balances, their waist lines, their wives, mistresses actual or potential, but sailors worry about boats."

Frank Mulville, from

In Granma's Wake: Girl Stella's Voyage to Cuba



Good Buddy as I first found her in early January, fenders out, sail cover off, as though her former owners had fled.

In November of 2015 an ad appeared on craigslist that demanded my full, unwavering attention. It was for a 1966 Carl Alberg designed Pearson Commander sailboat and the \$750 asking price for the 26-footer nearly sent me into a tizzy. This seemed awfully cheap for a pedigreed boat but there weren't any pictures with the ad, either, which meant one of three things: 1) the ad was some sort of scam, most likely perpetrated by the Russians, 2) the boat might once have been a beautiful example of Alberg's finest work, but no longer was or 3) the owner of the boat had no idea what he or she had and their ignorance would finally justify my obsessive combing of internet classifieds. Everyone knows the story of the wife whose husband dies, and, years later, unaware of real world prices, unloads the husband's Mercedes for next to nothing. This was just the sort of Easter egg I thought I might have stumbled across.

The owner of the boat, when I called him, seemed pretty normal and his story more or less fit a narrative I'd already fashioned in my head. He was a non sailor, he said, and had picked the boat up that spring on a lark. He and his family had used it all summer puttering around Long Island's Northport Harbor but he'd recently gotten a job in New Jersey. The boat had to go. He answered my questions the best he could. Yes, there were

a couple of sails, three, in fact. No, the deck wasn't spongy and yes, the 4-horse Yamaha that came with the boat was a good motor, though probably a bit on the small side for a 5,500lb vessel.

We talked for about an hour. As time wore on I became convinced that what he was telling me was the truth, that I'd found my Easter egg. I hung up the phone feeling like I'd just talked with the prettiest girl in school.

Pearson Commanders have long held sway over me. In the '90s a young sailor named Zoltan Gyurko sailed his Commander, *The Way*, nearly around the world. Alberg designed the Commander as a comfortable daysailer with a large cockpit and a small cabin. Gyurko (who changed his last name to Istvan and in 2016 ran for US President on the Transhumanist ticket) is a big guy. It was bonkers that he'd set off with such grand ambitions on such a small boat, but in his writings of the voyage he always spoke highly of the boat's build and handling qualities.

I bought the boat more or less sight unseen. I know. Stupid. Never do that. But the owner had scraped up a couple of grainy images and the internet told me that the boat had once belonged to the Sea Scouts, who are basically an ocean going version of the Boy Scouts, Boy Scouts, denizens of a world in which honesty and good faith are guiding

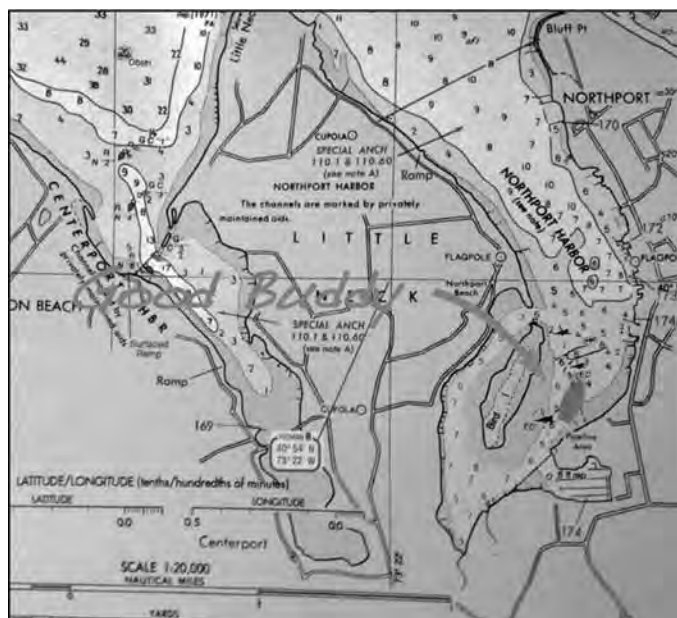
principles. This seemed an omen. In fact, in light of her previous owners, the boat's curious name, *Good Buddy*, made sense. She'd almost certainly been named by kids!

When it was time to buy *Good Buddy*, however, and the seller chose the online payment service PayPal as the means of transaction, I became nervous. Was I being taken in by some sort of elaborate Russian scam? It occurred to me that one might advertise a pretty boat for next to nothing and then seduce 20 or so people into paying for it at more or less the same time via PayPal. That was \$15k! Both craigslist ads and talk are free. It's a gambit that, up front, costs nothing and who gets badly hurt, really, at that price point?

In the end, my wife convinced me to go for it. The former owner seemed pleased when I bought the boat and had a friend take a snapshot of *Good Buddy* on her mooring from an adjacent beach. I had evidence she was real, finally, with a time stamp embedded in the image.

By now it was mid December. *Good Buddy* was still on her mooring in Northport. I live in Connecticut. What had I gotten myself into? Sailing her across the Sound in December was out of the question for many reasons, not the least of which was that I'd never stepped foot on the boat. The yards in and around Northport were done pulling boats for the season. Now that I actually owned her, what was I supposed to do with her? I could pay for a wintertime slip with a bubbler but they were prohibitively expensive, and besides, it seemed contrary to the whole point of the exercise. Several like minded sailors (read cheapskates) reminded

A personal reference guide I made, marked with *Good Buddy's* position in Northport's inner harbor. A long fetch made her vulnerable from the northwest.



In summer the view from the beach in Northport is one of a densely populated harbor. In January? Not so much.



me that often times in a storm moorings are the safest place a boat can be. Northport's inner harbor, where *Good Buddy* sat, was sheltered in every direction except the northwest. Could she survive the winter on a mooring? I honestly had no idea.

On a trip out to see her in early January (and yes, she was just as advertised with rock solid decks, albeit a bit neglected and still full of the previous owner's belongings) I noticed she had two other neighbors, a large catamaran without a mast and a sad looking little sloop. Clearly they were there for the duration. I reconsidered. Could *Good Buddy* survive a winter out? It didn't seem right. But just because something isn't routinely done, I thought, doesn't mean it can't occasionally be done. I'd already been green lit by the boat's former owner who said *Good Buddy's* mooring belonged to a friend of his. I bought boat insurance to hedge my small wager and made the fateful call, she was staying out.

And so began my Long Winter of Acute Anxiety. Once home, I discovered that a boatyard next to *Good Buddy* had an anemometer that provided real time wind speeds and directions to a service called Intellicast. I checked Intellicast several times a day and pored over long range forecasts like I was a meteorologist. Then, one night, a sobering discovery. Right before heading to bed I checked Intellicast to find that it was blowing 30 knots in Northport Harbor, and from the dreaded northwest no less! How could this be? At my house in Connecticut there was no wind at all.

This scenario repeated itself at an alarming rate. Occasionally wind speeds in the harbor touched 45 and 50 knots. I worried about the harbor freezing, too, even though a commercial fisherman I approached on the beach in Northport said it didn't happen often and almost never after January 28. I ticked off the days like someone doing time and irritated my wife with my constant laptop consultations. Three or four times I called a girl who answered the phone at a boatyard adjacent to *Good Buddy* and asked her to go out on the deck with a pair of binoculars. "Is she still there?" I'd ask? It seemed like a week didn't pass that didn't produce heavy air. How had I never noticed how windy New England winters are?

The scenarios painted in my imagination were grim. *Good Buddy* crushed like an egg by ice, *Good Buddy* bucking in a fierce breeze until her pendants parted, *Good Buddy* on walkabout, careening her way through the fleet of small commercial fishing boats that resided in Northport's inner harbor. In each scenario she ended up on the bottom of the shallow harbor, 20' or so of her mast poking up through the water, testament to my cheapness and stupidity. January 28 came and went without ice. In late February I again made the long drive to Long Island. She was there, thank God, but it seemed like in a different spot. Maybe it's just the tide, I thought, even as my pulse quickened. Something was definitely off.

I raced out to *Good Buddy* and, pulling up alongside her I was in for an odd sight. There, on the port settee in the cockpit, was 20' of heavily rusted chain, a mooring ball and line and what looked like a section of a wire lobster pot. Tangled in the pot was shredded nylon rode. What exactly was I looking at? I wasn't sure. Then I saw chafing gear I'd installed peeking out of the pile. I was looking at a post mortem of *Good Buddy's* mooring!



The remnants of *Good Buddy's* mooring tackle, unceremoniously dumped in the cockpit (above) and the scary bitter end of her chain (inset).

I untangled the mess and followed the chain, link by link, to the bitter end. By the time I got there the last three links were scary thin. The chain had parted. *Good Buddy* had, indeed, gone on walkabout. But where? Who saved her? And whose mooring was she on now?

The only scenario that made any sense was that a commercial fisherman saved her. They're there all winter and, with their shell fishing skiffs, have the ability to carry out an on the water rescue. Thank you, Northport commercial fishermen, if this was, indeed the case. I'm forever indebted.

I called the previous owner of the boat to let him know what had happened and he said a curious thing. "Can you send me a picture of the mooring that broke?" I thought it was an odd request, but as it happened I actually had one, it was in one of the pictures I'd taken of *Good Buddy* as I approached her in a dinghy on my first visit. Ten minutes later he called back. "That's not the mooring I originally put her on," he said. "I don't know whose mooring that is."

"Huh," I replied. "Why would someone take her off your buddy's mooring and put her somewhere else?"

There was a long pause at the other end of the phone. "OK, full disclosure, I'm not sure whose mooring that was," he said. "The inner harbor is unregulated so there are a bunch that no longer really have owners." He went on to say that he'd moved the boat around on various moorings all summer and when someone was displeased with his choice they'd just stick the boat somewhere else. There was no telling whose mooring *Good Buddy* had been on or, for that matter, was on now. He assured me that, all things considered, this was good news.

I wasn't so sure.

Happy day. My buddy Gene (on bow) and me effecting an early spring rescue, we'd end up towing *Good Buddy* the 60 miles home behind another friend's boat.



Later that season, after friends and I rescued *Good Buddy* from Northport Harbor and towed her the 60 miles home, the boat was hauled for winter storage. I drove to her new wintertime home, wanting to see her imposing (and barnacle encrusted) keel out of the water for the first time and to see where the boatyard had decided to put her.

I was in for a shock. Half of *Good Buddy's* rudder was missing. Stainless steel straps dangled from the remnants. This time I knew exactly what I was looking at, tangible evidence of her walkabout in Northport Harbor. The fantasy I'd conjured, in which *Good Buddy* had managed to hold on until someone was conveniently nearby to rescue her without incident, was just that, a fantasy. For all I know she may have gone ashore. It really doesn't matter that, at the time, *Good Buddy* was what most people would consider to be a "beater boat." She was my boat and beneath her neglected exterior she was beautiful. I'd worried about her the way every sailor worries about his or her boat, regardless of price or condition, but, at the end of the day, it hadn't been enough. Not to anthropomorphize too much, but I hadn't been a good advocate.

Good Buddy is aware of this. Today, whenever she needs something, new cockpit coaming boards, a coat of interior paint or cabin top handrails, she reminds me and I'm off and running, trying to make up for the winter several years ago when, for reasons unknown to her, she was inexplicably left out. www.pointseast.com.



Roughly half of *Good Buddy's* rudder was missing, testament to her walkabout in Northport's inner harbor.



The Last Straw

We returned from Europe, where I had worked for 17 years, in 1974. Since that time we had been sailing and exploring New England waters. Ragbaggers (as the power boaters call us) have to learn their trade. We have learned about weather, about winds, about tides and tidal flows, we have learned to use the wind to carry us to our destinations, we have learned navigation. In short, we need to know what we are doing and why.

One thing that we sailors love is the serenity of sailing. It is almost noiseless under normal wind conditions. In bygone days, when there were few pleasure boats on the water, quite anchorages and harbors were the norm. In those days, camaraderie among sailors and quiet coves and harbors shared with like minded sailors were vital parts of our sailing enjoyment.

However, as ever more motorboats were sold, our old, quiet, sailing changed slowly, year by year. Peaceful anchorages had slowly disappeared, one after another, now new marinas provided launch service until 1am, causing lots of launch wakes which rolled us out of our berths, and that was accompanied by lots of noise from loud, inconsiderate people returning to their boats after the bars had closed.

Motorboaters also used generators that ran all night (noise) to provide power for their TVs, their electric stoves, their air conditioning and all their other 120 volt electric gadgets. They also insisted on supplying us with raucous, obnoxious music from loudspeakers on their tuna towers for the whole harbor's enjoyment! This was a slow, drip by drip, function that went on year after year, and we sailors slowly learned to live with it. It was a gradual degradation of what we had enjoyed, one of the main reasons why we went sailing.

We sailors also found ourselves being used as nautical slalom poles for the amusement of the motorboat drivers. Another fun game of theirs was to come roaring over to a sailboat so they could leer down from their flying bridges in the hope of catching someone in the sailboat cockpit nude sunbathing.

Many had very little knowledge of things such as the functioning of their own propulsion systems, navigation, how to anchor properly and where they could and couldn't anchor, that resulted in Keystone Cops types of situations in harbors, anchors dragging, propellers catching someone else's anchor rode killing their engines and then drifting helplessly through the already anchored fleet creating havoc and damage to others.

Our new sailing trips in the US had extended from our homeport at the Mystic River, Connecticut, to Boston, Massachusetts, in the north. We had sailed to New York City, had helped a sailing friend sail their Newporter from Cape May, New Jersey, back to Mystic, Connecticut. We helped our daughter's boyfriend, who had often sailed with us and who now wanted a sister ship of our Tripp-Lentsch 29, bring his new successful purchase from Rochester, New York, back to Staten Island, New York, his new homeport, via Lake Ontario, the New York State Barge Canal and finally the Hudson River. Sailing had been interesting, relaxing and pleasant, but the proliferation of motorboats was slowly, but inexorably, ruining our peaceful pleasure. This culminated in the following experience.

It was another late summer Sunday afternoon. We had had a great sail back from

Sailing Adventures

Part 1 Going Trailer Sailing

By Conbert H. Benneck

Block Island, but then Aeolus decided to call it a day (the wind was a Union member and had worked as long as it was officially allowed) and then had stopped providing our propulsion in Fishers Island Sound. We had fired up the Universal Atomic 4 engine, our iron wind, got the sails down and stowed, cleared away our genoa sheets and coiled the main sheet and were completing the last miles from Watch Hill entrance through Fishers Island Sound to Noank under power.

We were heading back to our marina in the Mystic River and were in the narrow Ram Island Channel that led to the Mystic River. To our port side was a large field of yachts at their mooring buoys and large signs indicating that this was a No Wake zone. We had another quarter mile to go before turning into the Mystic River at Noank. Katharina, my Admirable, who enjoyed her late afternoon cup of coffee, was down in the galley brewing a pot of coffee using our porcelain coffee pot that had the Melitta filter holder containing the paper filter and the coffee grounds perched on top. The water in the kettle had been boiling so she was slowly beginning to pour the hot water into the open filter over the coffee grounds.

I stood in the cockpit with *Fun Too's* tiller between my legs, focused on our next buoy as well as on the heavy Sunday afternoon boat traffic, keeping an eye on the procession of sailboats heading up the Mystic River ahead of us. At that moment I became aware of two large motorboats coming up behind us in this very narrow channel. They were going at an estimated 30 knots, roaring along, side by side. They were right behind *Fun Too* when I first heard them, and then they were passing us, one to starboard and the other to port of *Fun Too*. *Fun Too* was now the thinly sliced ham in their high speed motorboat sandwich.

I yelled to Katharina to hang on but my warning was already far too late to be of any use. *Fun Too* rolled from gunwale to gunwale in the mighty wakes that these two motorboat drivers had just created. (It also happened to be a NO WAKE zone, next to that very large field of moored boats, but apparently they were incapable of reading and understanding what the "No Wake" sign meant.) The coffee pot with the freshly brewed coffee, the filter holder, the hot coffee grounds and the hot water kettle flew off the galley counter all over our berths, the cushions and the beige carpet on the cabin sole. Katharina had scald burns from the boiling water that spilled over her as she tried to grab everything to keep it from falling off the galley counter.

As these two high powered motorized idiots passed us, each turned and hollered something from his flying bridge to their wives who were sitting in their aft cockpits, who then laughed uproariously at the predicament their husbands had just caused us as we rolled on our beam ends from their wakes. I yelled to Katharina to give me my 12 gauge flare pistol, the large bore version for getting emergency flares high up in the sky. I wanted to fire a shot over their bridges at them, but

Katharina procrastinated and then she dithered a little more.

She had to open a cabinet door in the galley, remove the plastic box containing the flare pistol and the flare shells, open the box, remove the pistol and the flare shells so that she could hand them to me. By the time she had done this, and at the speed they were going, they were already far beyond the range of my flare. She was also looking at her burns and the mess that these two motorized louts had created. The porcelain Melitta filter holder, the filter paper containing the coffee grounds, the coffee pot and coffee plus the remaining hot water were now all rolling around on the beige cabin sole carpet.

Later, when we were back at Fort Rachel Marina, we spent the next few hours cleaning up the mess that these motorized maritime imbeciles had caused. It became the last straw for us. That incident became the major reason for us to decide to sell *Fun Too*, to leave the now overcrowded coastal areas with all the obnoxious inconsiderate motorboat drivers and move on to some new form of sailing that would again give us the solitude and enjoyment when we were on the water.

Financial Considerations

Time for a Change

As a mechanical engineer I learned that sometimes, in order to solve a problem, there were times when I had to find another way to "defeat the bastards," but how? Slowly ideas formed.

If our regular quiet sailing, the type of sailing we had done in earlier years, has gotten so expensive, if coastal harbors have all gotten so overcrowded and the proliferation of inconsiderate PWC and motorboat drivers has made life on the water miserable for we sailors, then maybe it was high time to review our operation from a cost/pleasure standpoint and then investigate what other sailing possibilities might exist.

After all, we had faced the same problems before when my company had asked us to move from Germany to Paris. Then we had to sell a centerboard racing sloop that we had sailed in Germany and bought a little Norwegian powerboat for use on the Seine and in France's inland canals. Later, when neither Katharina nor I could stand the stink on the Seine in August (it's Paris' open sewer) while using the motorboat, we decided to buy a sailboat again and keep it in Le Havre, on the English Channel.

Back in the US we have sailed from Noank, Connecticut, to Block Island on weekends. How many more times do we want to sail to Block Island? It had become a well worn rut and New Harbor on Block Island had become a bedlam of boats. How many more times do we want to follow the same old routes on a two week vacation sailing from Noank to Block Island to Cuttyhunk to Hadley's Harbor to Cotuit to Chatham to Nantucket to Edgartown to Cuttyhunk and back to Noank again? Every harbor was getting more crowded. The peace and quiet that we as sailors seek and enjoy was no longer to be had anywhere along the New England coast, nor in Long Island harbors.

With each passing year the costs of our sailing fun (?) also slowly kept creeping up. Marinas raised their summer dockage rental fees each year as more and more boat owners competed for a finite number of dock spaces. Winter storage rates kept climbing, too. Once, years ago, the winter storage charge included

mast storage. Then mast storage, based on mast length, became another billable item. When I looked at my bills I found that we were spending about \$2,500 (in 1990) for boat expenses. Add car travel, bottom paint, replacement parts, insurance, new additions and other boat improvements and we quickly reached, or exceeded, the \$3,000 a year level.

A sailing season in Connecticut, from late May to mid October, is roughly 20 weeks, which would equal 40 days of weekends plus vacation times for two or three week cruises. Total boat use time would then be about 60 days per year. If we divided 60 days of boat use into a yearly total cost of \$3,000, then each day we'd go sailing cost \$50. Subtract some rainy, or too windy weekends, the odd hurricane advisory when we couldn't go sailing and had to pull the boat out of the water earlier than anticipated, and our calculations showed that our daily boat use cost climbed still higher.

One much lower cost alternative to go sailing seemed to be trailer sailing. We down size to a much smaller (and far less expensive) boat on a trailer and attach it to our car's trailer hitch. That idea suddenly opened up a whole new sailing world for me. I was no longer bound by where I could sail within a given time in our big boat. Trailer sailing would suddenly allow us to go wherever we wanted and we could reach our new sailing destination rapidly. Getting to an enticing new sailing area became a matter of a few hours of driving rather than the days of sailing to get there the old way with our big boat.

Want to explore Chesapeake Bay's Eastern Shore? It's only about seven hours away from Connecticut driving down an interstate highway. Maine's coastal waters and large lakes? It's only about five hours away driving east on an interstate highway. How about exploring the Hudson River and going sailing there for an afternoon or for the weekend? The Hudson River is just an hour and a half drive from Glastonbury. What about quiet, seclusion and nice, well protected coves to hide in? With a trailerable sailboat, if we didn't like where we were for whatever reason, we'd just retrieve our boat and then check out an entirely different sailing area tomorrow.

All of a sudden, just thinking about a trailerable sailboat and its mobility started opening up all sorts of ideas for new possible sailing adventures. It seemed to offer us an immense new world of exploration possibilities with a sailboat. Why spend a week sailing *Fun Too* from Noank, Connecticut, to Maine to explore the Maine coast and its islands? It then would take another week of sailing to get back to Connecticut. Maine is called "Down East" for a good reason, because of the prevailing summer southwest winds. We get to Maine easily on a nice broad reach, but when we want to head southwestward again, we were now doing it hard on the wind all the way.

To explore just a small part of the Maine coast we would need a minimum of four weeks of cruising time. Part of a week is needed to get there, two weeks to explore new sailing areas and another week to get back home again. Sailing *Fun Too* to Florida would take weeks of travel down the Intercoastal Waterway and more weeks to get back to Connecticut again.

But if we had a trailerable sailboat we could tow it to Maine in a few hours by car and spend all of our vacation sailing time in areas we'd like to explore, Coastal Maine or

how about Moosehead Lake or any of the other large Maine lakes? Similarly, sailing in Florida's warm, clear green waters was only three days of car travel away. Instead of just dreaming of sailing in far distant interesting places, with a trailerable sailboat we could explore and sail in the Florida Keys or also sail the Florida west coast areas, a day's drive later. Or how about the lovely island clusters on Lake Huron?

Of course, a trailerable sailboat couldn't compare with the comforts that we had installed in *Fun Too* during our 26 years of ownership, but what might the alternatives look like using smaller, trailerable sailboats? These new ideas slowly began to percolate in our heads. Does one really have to be able to live aboard a sailboat to enjoy going sailing, and exploring? What sorts of trailerable sailboats were available? What size boats are towable by a small car? What are towing weight limits? Were there any boats with cabins where two could sleep aboard comfortably? If we had a trailerable boat, where could we go?

To better visualize these possibilities, I took a regular automobile roadmap of the Eastern US and drew some concentric circles with increasing 100 mile radii with Glastonbury, Connecticut, at the center. Answers to that question very quickly became obvious. Within a day's drive from Glastonbury we could be in Maine, at Chesapeake Bay, at Lake Champlain, New York, or at Lake Winnepesaukee in New Hampshire. We could visit the Finger Lakes in western New York or sail on Lake Ontario. If we could easily get to distant sailing areas via an interstate highway, it opened up whole new realms of sailing possibilities, such as being able to sail the myriad islands in the North Channel of Lake Huron in Canada or explore the Apostle Islands in Lake Superior. All were places that would have been impossible to reach with *Fun Too*, without long, time consuming trips to get there.

Maybe we could also find places where we could go sailing without the amplified buzzing mosquito sounds of Personal Water Craft (PWCs) zooming about, or outboard motorboats pulling water skiers, or 500hp Cigarettes with straight exhaust pipes loudly announcing to everyone that they were out playing today and look how fast I can go from gas pump to gas pump. Duh!

What has always attracted us to sailing was the peacefulness and the silence when underway, with perhaps only the sound of the splash of an occasional fish gulping an insect that had ventured too close to the water's surface, or the song of a loon, or the quiet chuckle and gurgle of a bow wave as a soothing background sound as a gentle wind carried us silently across the water. Ah, then we would really be in sailor's heaven again.

Above all, sailing with a trailerable sailboat meant being able to go to areas with very shallow uncharted water where noisy high powered motorboats wouldn't dare to go (there probably were underwater rocks that would ruin propellers and there were no gas pumps). This all sounded like much more goodness from our point of view. Perhaps going trailer sailing was a way to achieve a new sailing Nirvana.

Trailer Sailing Considerations

With the thought of going trailerable now firmly embedded in our brains, the next thing to do was more detailed homework.

The basic idea sounded very feasible. The ability to sail in all sorts of new waters was an irresistible allure. Now we had to search for answers to all sorts of details.

How heavy a trailer could a VW Rabbit, the car we currently owned, safely tow? I checked with VW North America but they refused to give me any trailer towing information for our VW Rabbit. They seemed to be afraid of all the American tort lawyers and potential lawsuits. I called my colleagues at MTU in Munich and asked them to get me that information from VW in Wolfsburg, which they did. The next day their answer was, in Germany a VW Golf (Rabbit) is officially allowed to tow 1,200lbs.

The idea of having a large trailerable sailboat that would require a special tow vehicle was immediately rejected, as it had been years earlier in France and for exactly the same reasons. While in France I had researched that sort of boat (we had considered a 26' keel/centerboard sloop) we might buy and finally concluded it wouldn't work. It just didn't make sense to have a boat that required a dedicated tow vehicle large enough to take it to the English Channel, to the North Sea or to the Mediterranean for just one round trip a year. Where do we store the vehicle the rest of the year? And what are the costs for registration, road taxes and insurance for such a vehicle in France? If the boat is that large, then we also have to leave the boat and the trailer at a boatyard. We can't park it in our narrow French house driveway. Sailing costs skyrocket again.

If we wanted to go trailerable, then the boat and trailer together had to weigh not much more than 1,200lbs and preferably several hundred pounds less, allowing for boat equipment and supplies, so that we could haul it behind our VW GTI. It would also be advantageous if the boat would be small enough so that it could fit in our garage. Then I could do major work on the boat during the winter. My garage gives me a roof over my head while I work. My tools are close by. Electrical outlets supply me with light and power so that I can use my power tools.

As I mulled over the idea of a trailerable sailboat, I began to see other major advantages. Winter storage would be adjacent to the garage of our house. Space was available there for any sized boat we might consider. The cost for storage, summer or winter, would then be \$0. There would be no yearly marina charges for dock space. We would only have to pay ramp launching fees and dock fees for the actual number of days that we used the boat. Compared to what we were currently paying to sail *Fun Too*, a trailerable sailboat's calculated operating costs almost became small pocket change.

Changing My Thinking

In looking at various potential sailing areas, another intriguing thought was hatched. We really didn't have to live on a small sailboat as we did on *Fun Too*. We could use the smaller boat just for day sailing in a local area and possibly for the occasional overnight trip if we felt like it, but otherwise we could stay at a bed and breakfast with all the comforts, standing headroom, normal beds, a toilet, hot and cold running water and a shower and have a full breakfast served by the hosts. The more we studied the idea, the more we liked the possibilities it offered us.

We began looking for boats that would fit our gross weight and length specifications.

Eventually, after doing lots of reading about trailerable sailboats and studying the various types of boats on the market, I slowly became enamored with a strange looking little cat yawl, a 15' long sailboat designed by Philip Bolger in Gloucester, Massachusetts, called a "Micro." A company, Common Sense Designs, in Portland, Oregon, sold me a set of building plans for the Micro so that I could study its dimensions and construction in detail.

Accompanying the building plan package was a write up of the Micro that read: "Early in 1982 Elrow LaRowe wrote Philip Bolger a letter asking why small boats couldn't be comfortable for large senior citizens and still be good performers." Bolger's reply was the Micro design. From this auspicious beginning came the best and most often completed vest pocket cruiser plan of all time, with boats sailing from Tasmania to Finland and at most points between.

Why is the Micro so special? It's hard to list her virtues without sounding like a rabid Madison Avenue pitchman, but here goes. She is quick, easy and inexpensive to build. She is a comfortable cruiser for two adults, able to carry plenty of gear and supplies and has two comfortable berths. She is a great daysailer for six yet can easily be single handed. She is such a powerful sailer on all points that she has embarrassed many, much larger yachts. She can be trimmed to sail hands off with the wind anywhere before the beam. She is easy to trailer and can be pulled by a four cylinder compact car. There was much more but that was more than enough to convince us. We were sold. The Micro sounded exactly like the sort boat we were looking for.

The Micro was only 15' long and weighed a total of 850lbs with the lead keel. Loaded with an outboard, supplies and normal sailing equipment it might reach 1,000 lbs. The hull, made of plywood, was a rectangular box in cross section. Because of the rectangular hull shape it had a cavernous cabin with lots of living space for two people. It had two nice berths, as well as full sitting headroom. It also had lots of usable storage space for all the equipment that is needed on any boat, large or small.

The boat was rigged as a cat yawl, a very unusual rig among the normal Bermuda rigged sailing fleet. The free standing mainmast was stepped in a small compartment at the bow and the mizzenmast was stepped at the transom. A boomkin extended from the stern to provide a spot to attach the mizzen sheet block. That gave the Micro a huge sail area for its 15' hull length. There was no cockpit per se, instead we would sit on the deck with our legs in a cargo hatch/sail/storage hold. It was a very original design that showed a lot of thought on how to make a small high performance sailboat with good accommodations.

That it didn't conform to what "normal" sailboats looked like didn't bother me in the least. In fact, if I was now going to be different, then looking different also went with the change and two masts are better than one, more places to fly our pennants and burgees (boat decorations).

Phil Bolger's thinking, and the reasons he gave for his various design decisions, made a lot of sense to me as an engineer. I seriously started researching Micros. Were there any user's comments? Satisfaction? What were the sailing characteristics like? This was in the days before computers and

the internet. We had to read sailing magazines to discover such information. With a trailerable boat, what kinds of problems would we have launching and retrieving? It became a whole new area of learning. (It also offered increased sailing enjoyment, plus the necessity for learning about something totally different again).

Was there any information or comments about living onboard such a small boat? I found a trailer sailer book about sailing and living aboard for longer periods of time. The answer became yes, it was doable.

I started doing a lot more homework. How prevalent were launch ramps in areas that we found interesting and wanted to explore? Where were they located? How do we find them? (State Tourism Offices can supply that information. They list all the launch ramps in the state.) What did it cost to use the launch ramps? How do we use a launch ramp? What problems might be connected with using different kinds of launch ramps? Paved? Unpaved? A shallow sloping ramp or a steep sloping ramp? Just how was it done? What type of ramp was the best for a beginner?

The more research I did the more feasible the whole trailerable sailboat idea became. We had owned our 29' Tripp-Lentsch *Fun Too* for 26 years and had enjoyed her tremendously. We had covered thousands of nautical miles together, mostly in good weather, but also enough in deteriorating or bad weather that we knew what was important and what wasn't. I was now in my early 70s and didn't see any prospect of getting younger again. I had visited Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth in St Augustine, Florida, with high hopes years earlier, but had found no "Youth," just another tourist attraction. Katharina and I agreed that it was time to make a change. That winter we put *Fun Too* on the market and by early spring we had found a buyer.

It was now time to move on to a new adventure, one where we could, hopefully, again find the solitude and the silence that had once made sailing such a wonderful sport. The yearly capital gains, dividends and interest that we earned on the selling price of *Fun Too* more than paid for all our trailer sailing activities and B&B costs over the ensuing years. Let money make money and use our pocket change to fund our sport.

Buying A Micro

I started watching for ads in various boating publications and boating newspapers hoping that someone might have a Micro for sale. No such luck. Having used the Gougeon Brothers WEST Epoxy products for doing repairs or small modifications on *Fun Too* over the years, WEST now regularly sent me their quarterly publication titled *The Boatbuilder*, which gave tips on how best to use their products. They also showed various boat building projects which were built using their WEST epoxy materials.

One of these projects, shown in the Spring 1990 issue, was a Micro built by the Gougeon Brothers Technical Specialist, Jim Watson. Naturally, I immediately sent Jim a letter asking for more information about the Micro and how it sailed. The more I heard, the more the Micro sounded like an ideal boat for us. Which now raised another question. If one doesn't show up on the used boat market, should I consider building a new one? That would take the whole summer and probably part of the winter, but by the following spring we'd have a new Micro.

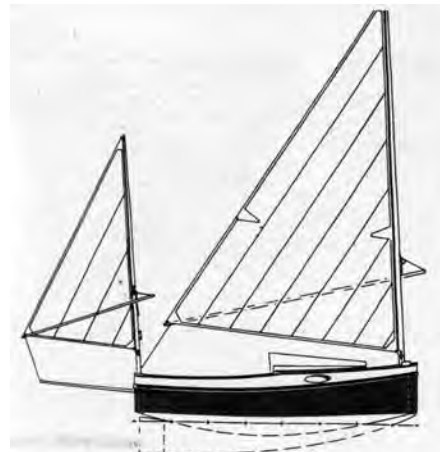
That question was answered when I received my next newsletter from *Common Sense Designs*. When I reached the page with the Classified Section, I found an ad from Jim Watson offering his Micro for sale.

I immediately gave Jim a call. He said that he had two other people who were interested in the boat but they first wanted to look at it before making a decision.

I had enough confidence in Gougeon Brothers, their WEST Epoxy Products and in Jim Watson's technical reputation from reading the Gougeon Brothers publications, as well as from all their boat building endeavors, that I told Jim, we'll take it, sight unseen. Funds exchanged hands and now all we had to do was to drive from Glastonbury, Connecticut, to Bay City, Michigan, in March 1990, pick up our new toy and then continue our drive from Bay City to Clearwater, Florida, where Katharina wanted to spend a few months.

Jim told me that the boat had a trailer which he used for storing and for launching the Micro. Being a total trailering neophyte I didn't ask any more trailer questions. How could I? I had never owned a boat on a trailer, aside from my foldboat many years earlier, so knew nothing about trailers and therefore was far too ignorant to be able to ask any intelligent trailer questions. We arranged a date to pick up the boat.

I had a local welding shop install a trailer hitch on our four cylinder, four door VW Rabbit, together with a plug for the electrical connections to the trailer's brake lights and turn signals. We drove from Glastonbury, Connecticut, to Bay City, Michigan. Jim had made a motel reservation for us and the next morning we drove to Gougeon Brothers and met Jim. He led us into the big Gougeon boat building shop and there was our new toy, sitting on an extremely massive and large trailer. After a discussion about launching boats using ramps, a totally new territory for us, and inspecting the Micro, we completed our purchase transaction. Jim signed over the boat registration documents and the trailer registration documents to me.



It was time for us to depart and head to Florida. Jim helped me back up the VW and then showed me how to hook up the trailer carrying the Micro, how to properly use the safety chains and how to complete the electrical connections. We checked out the trailer brake lights and the turn signals. Everything worked properly. He gave us instructions how to find our way back to the on ramp of I-75 South, which we then just had to follow until we reached Tampa, Florida. That made the interstate highway navigation easy. First, how-

ever, we had to find the I-75 South on ramp, get on I-75 South and, after a few days' driving, get off again when we reached Tampa.

Slowly I rolled through the shop doors and back out to the street. I had the huge trailer with the Micro behind me and drove very slowly and very carefully. After all, this was the first time in my life that I had driven a car that was pulling a trailer. We found the on ramp to I-75 South and, once on I-75, I hugged the right hand lane of the interstate highway doing about 50mph. Whenever I glanced in my rearview mirror, all I saw was the gigantic green hull of the Micro. Yep, it was still there, following along behind the VW just like a dog on a leash trotting along behind its master.

The first half hour was all fear and trepidation of the unknown, towing a boat for the first time in traffic on the interstate, but every time I glanced in the rear view mirror I found that the Micro was still there, right behind us. I stopped at the side of the road to check trailer bearing and tire sidewall temperatures. They both were cold to the touch. I checked the boat hold down straps. Everything seemed to be OK, so we continued driving.

As the initial fear and trepidation factor of towing a trailer slowly diminished, the miles traveled southward accumulated. Gradually I became accustomed to the length of our tow and how it felt behind the car. Then I began noticing other things. Whenever I applied the brakes, the bow of the Micro would dip way down. When I started driving again after a stop, the bow went way up in the air. Why? At the next interstate rest area I pulled in, dutifully following the signs that read, "Trucks."

We found ourselves in another totally new and different branch of the automotive world, and also found that we had just become members of a new fraternity. Instead of parking in the parallel parking slots in the car parking area, we now could do it the easy way. The 18 wheeler trucks and trailers park diagonally. They pulled in from the interstate found an open parking space and then, turning 60° to their right, could easily enter their parking space. When they departed they just drove straight forward, turned 120° to the left, were in the exit road and back out on the highway.

We did the same. We parked in a nice wide truck parking space between two big rigs and found that it too was now easy in, easy out.

Many truck drivers were curious about our little four wheeler hauling the huge trailer that was carrying that strange looking little boat with the holes in the flat bow. They asked us all kinds of questions. In the course of our trip to Florida we had many interesting conversations in the truck parking areas and were given much helpful advice and suggestions by friendly truck drivers.

To find out why the Micro bow went up and down so much, I examined how the Micro was supported on the trailer. The Micro's keel was a long continuous curve from the bow to the rudder. However, it was sitting in a long straight piece of "U" channel steel. There was no blocking of any kind under the keel to prevent the boat from rocking back and forth on the curved keel. I first tried to tighten the line that went through the open steps in the bow of the MICRO to stop the rocking but that didn't help at all. The next time I checked I found that the bowline had been sawn into the 1/4" thick plywood, and was cutting the piece between the two bow steps in two.

What I needed were some chocks of some kind under the keel to stop the rocking motion but where do I find something that will work as a chock? We're on the interstate, after all, and rest stops didn't have automobile parts stores. After driving down the interstate another few miles the blinding flash of inspiration struck as I noticed the shreds of a ruined truck tire tread lying at the side of the road. These are commonly referred to as "alligators." I stopped at the next one I saw and sorted through the tire tread debris until I found some small pieces I could use.

Then out came my toolbox (never travel without an easily accessible and well stocked toolbox). I cut the tire tread remnants into proper size pieces to build a chock for the front of the keel where it rested in the "U" channel and a second aft chock behind the keel resting spot. My next problem was how do I keep my rubber chocks in place so that as we drive, and the boat rocks, the pieces don't fall out and disappear? Wire coat hangers from our clothes hanging in the back of the car supplied the raw material that allowed me to firmly wire the chocks in place.

We started driving again and as we started (slowly) accelerating to cruising speed the bow didn't rise up. The next time I applied the brakes the bow didn't dip down. The problem was temporarily solved. Without the up and down bow motion my bowline through the front steps of the Micro was no longer sawing the plywood in two.

Driving south on I-75, more miles were slowly added on that first day of driving. By the time we pulled off the interstate that evening and had found a motel for the night, we felt that we had graduated from being kindergarten trailering beginners to having advanced to first grade in Trailering Elementary School. We had traveled many miles, we had solved our first boat trailer problems at the side of the road and we were beginning to feel not quite as intimidated towing the boat.

We passed Toledo and Cincinnati, Ohio, entered Kentucky and passed Lexington. In Tennessee we began to climb long gently rising hills that eventually reached an altitude of 1,800' and then we headed down the other side. I had to shift down to third gear as we climbed and, if the grade got steeper, I sometimes had to shift into second gear to keep moving. We drove in the slow vehicle lane, with our blinkers flashing.

Finally I-75 flattened out again as we left the Appalachian Mountains and reached Atlanta, Georgia. We cruised happily along on level ground till we reached Tampa, Florida, where we turned off I-75 to reach our final destination a few miles further, Clearwater, Florida. Our Micro had now been towed 1,235 miles and we had arrived at our destination with no further problems. We settled into a rented furnished apartment, found the neighborhood supermarkets and bought a supply of food.

Katharina was taking a course in Clearwater, so after she left in the morning I located the Clearwater launch ramp and spent several hours there going to school, watching how others launched and retrieved their boats, to learn how it was done as well as to study their various launching and retrieval techniques. The Micro sat on its trailer in back of our apartment. I then learned how to step the mainmast and the mizzenmast. I unfolded the sails for the first time and found out how they were fitted to the mast.

I bought a spiral note pad and a new "TO DO" boat list was started. We had bought a Micro with a 4hp Johnson outboard motor with gas tank and trailer. That was it. It really was just another totally bare boat. To make a properly functioning boat out of our MICRO we needed more equipment:

We needed cockpit cushions (or PDFs) to sit on.

We needed mooring lines.

We needed some fenders, fender lanyards and means to hold them in place.

We needed a reserve fuel container.

We needed a plastic pail and cleaning materials.

We needed an anchor, anchor chain and an anchor rode.

We needed a flag.

We needed a signal horn.

We needed a small cooler for sandwiches and drinks.

We needed a small onboard toolbox for boat tools and spare parts.

A few blocks from our apartment I located a marine supply store where I could buy many of these items, as well as a nautical chart of the Clearwater Bay area. Gradually the bits and pieces started to come together.

Various lengths of mooring lines and spring lines and anchor rode were cut and the ends were whipped. I spliced a thimble on one end of the new anchor rode and whipped the other end. The anchor chain was fastened to the anchor and the pin in the shackle was safety wired in place. The anchor rode thimble had a shackle and this was fastened to the end of the anchor chain and the pin was safety wired in place. The operating manual of the Johnson outboard motor was studied while I ate lunch. The fuel tank was filled with gasoline and the proper amount of oil was added (it was a two cycle engine). *Fun Too's* elegant small folding aluminum swim ladder had been brought along. It had now been installed on the Micro. The coming weekend was going to be the day for our maiden Micro voyage.

Katharina and I drove to the launch ramp, parked, stepped our masts and installed the outboard. We backed down the ramp and our Micro floated off the trailer in the clear green waters of Clearwater Bay. We were afloat for the first time in another new, but tiny, boat. We tied the Micro to the floating dock at the ramp while I put the car and trailer, now a strangely empty trailer, in the trailer parking area. The Johnson outboard started on the third pull. We motored out of the ramp area into the Intercoastal Waterway on our maiden voyage with our new ship.

What a difference between the feel of the heavy, stable Northeast 38, or *Fun Too*, and now this very lightweight 15' long Micro. When clear of all the traffic, Katharina kept our bow in the wind while I attached and set the sails. We stopped the engine, tilted the propeller out of the water and fell off on a nice broad reach across Clearwater Bay. Having just a mainsail and a mizzen but no jib or genoa was a new experience for us.

The warm sun did a great job of advertising Florida's charms and we spent the afternoon sailing our new toy with a delightful gentle beginner's breeze, wearing shorts. We explored the idiosyncrasies of a totally different hull shape and unusual sailing rig and put it through its paces. Late in the afternoon, heading south within the confines of the Intercoastal Waterway to Clearwater, we had to beat back to the launching ramp. The waterway was narrow and bordered by a chain of

spoil islands formed from the material that was dredged to create the Intercoastal Waterway channel. By this time I had found that the Micro handled very well and was quite close winded. It was also very responsive to tiller inputs. It was a fun boat to sail.

Behind us a modern 30' long, high aspect ratio sloop with three crew members sitting on the windward rail adding movable ballast was very slowly catching up to us and, after a long, long time, they finally passed us. The crew sitting on the windward deck edge looked down at our boat in astonishment and asked, "What kind of a boat is that?" I gave them the details. We spent quite a long time next to each other and carried on a lengthy conversation. Finally I asked, "How fast are you going?"

They checked their instruments and then told me that they were doing 5.6 knots. My chest must have puffed out a bit hearing that. They were twice our size, used three live crew members sitting on their windward side as extra ballast and were just barely able to pass us and doing that very slowly. By the time we had reached the ramp I had gained a lot of respect for what Phil Bolger had created. This was really going to be a fun boat to sail.

It was also a very odd looking boat. Instead of a having a normal pointy bow, it had a flat plate bow with boarding steps. The standard reaction from people looking at the boat was "...there are holes in the bow of the boat. Doesn't water get in?" The answer was, yes, water could get in, but there were also drain holes where the water could escape again.

Getting the boat back on our trailer became another lesson in our next Boating Course, "Trailer Sailing 101." The green Florida water was clear enough so that we were able to see where the keel was in relation to the wide "U" channel in which it rested. The water was warm so I waded in and held the boat in position. Because of a crosswind, however, it took several attempts before we were finally successful and had the boat centered on the keel channel and could then pull the Micro out of the water and drive back to the parking area. There we removed the sails, unstepped the masts and made things road ready.

Lessons learned on our first launch and retrieve exercise:

We really need some sort of centering system that will force the boat to be in the correct position over the keel channel if there are any cross winds, and we need some way to be able to pull the boat forward to the correct position on the trailer. After seeing the variety of much smaller, lighter trailers the powerboats were using at the Clearwater ramp, I came to the conclusion that the trailer the Micro had amounted to vast trailer overkill. Judging by the size of the materials used in the trailer frame, I assumed that it must have been built to transport a mobile home. To judge from the trailer length, the materials used, the weight rating of the tires and the total lack of any give in the trailer springs with only 850lbs of Micro weight on board, it most certainly wasn't a boat trailer.

Trailer-Ology 101

It was high time that I now learned a lot more about trailers, their construction, their weights, suspension methods, spring sizes, wheel bearings, hitches. I started searching for information on this topic and eventually found a wonderfully helpful book at a large book store on boat trailers published by The Glenn

L Company (*How to Build Boat Trailers*, Glen L Marine, www.Glen-L.com) who sold do it yourself boat building plans in California. It described various types of trailers; single axle, double axle, various trailer suspension systems, hull support methods, trailer hitches, trailer brake systems, trailer electrical wiring, electrical connector types, trailer wiring diagrams as well as a listing of all trailer regulations by state (maximum allowable trailer weights, widths and lengths). The Glenn L Trailer book was a gold mine of information for me and became a new Trailer-Ology 101 textbook I studied intensely.

As I drove around the Clearwater area, I began to look for boats on trailers to compare our massive trailer with other boat trailers. I found a motorboat sales showroom with powerboats in the Micro size range on trailers. Those trailers were, compared to ours, all lightweight, made of thin sheet steel and all were much shorter in length than ours. These trailers were also equipped with winches on posts on the trailer tongue to winch the boat into position and then hold it firmly in place against a rubber bow stop. I was learning rapidly.

Now it was time for me to do some engineering studies to ascertain the actual weight of our current Micro trailer. I measured the physical dimensions of each individual piece of steel channel or angle on the existing MICRO trailer frame, their lengths, widths and heights and listed them on my notepad. Then I headed to the Clearwater Public Library, Reference Department. There I was able to find what I was looking for, engineering tables showing the per foot weight of various sizes of steel channels and steel angles that were used in building the Micro trailer.

After a few hours of "study," and with a notepad covered with figures, I headed back to our apartment, dug into my briefcase and hauled out my slide rule. I was now able to calculate the actual weight of every individual piece that composed the Micro trailer frame. Piece by piece all the lengths were multiplied by the per foot weight of that steel shape and the results tabulated. The weights of wheel rims, tires, the axle, springs and the fasteners had to be estimated so that those weights could then be added to the calculated weights of all the frame members.

When I had finished adding all these individual piece weights together, I couldn't believe the total trailer weight that my numbers were showing me. I recalculated and double checked each piece's weight again and added them up a second time. My results showed that the total calculated trailer weight, without the Micro, came to 2,156lbs. Add another 1,000lbs for the weight of the Micro and the outboard and equipment and I found we had been towing 3,156lbs behind the VW, whose factory towing limit was 1,200lbs!

With that calculated data, I went back to boat stores in Clearwater and St Petersburg to look at "normal" boat trailers again and to check their trailer weights for comparison. Those boat trailer weights, depending on length and equipment, were in the 200lbs to 350lbs range. No wonder our poor VW had to work so hard to climb the Cumberland Plateau in Kentucky and the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee.

While in Florida I built wooden chocks to fit the front and the back keel curve of the Micro. I locked them in place in the steel channel using spring clamps. Now the Micro couldn't move and it could no longer rock back and forth. Later, driving back to

Connecticut up the relatively flat I-95 Interstate highway everything functioned flawlessly. Home again, the first item on my "To Do" list was to find a proper sized boat trailer for the Micro.

After diligently searching the *Hartford Courant* newspaper's classified ads, I was rewarded one day. Someone was advertising a practically new trailer of a suitable size that I promptly bought. My garage became a trailer workshop where I removed the existing bunk boards that I couldn't use. I designed and built a whole new Micro hull and keel support system with a centering system which provided lateral support for the hull while at the same time forcing the keel to line up in its proper position over the keel support rollers when the Micro was fully on the trailer.

The next problem, the Micro didn't have an eye at the bow where a line could be attached to the trailer winch to hold the boat in place on the trailer. I built my own version of an eye which consisted of a strip of stainless steel bent to form a long "U" with the "U" opening being the width of the Micro keel. This stainless steel strap was through bolted to the keel. When the trailer conversion had been completed, I loaded the Micro on the new lightweight trailer. I sold the old mobile home trailer to a Pratt & Whitney Aircraft friend whose son needed just such a hefty trailer to haul his stock car to stock car races.

Trailer-Ology 102: No No's

One afternoon, while at the Clearwater ramp, I watched as man in a high horsepower, metallflaked motorboat was going to put his boat back on his trailer. I had watched this operation being done at this ramp several times before. The pickup truck driver backed down the ramp to put the trailer into the water. The motorboat driver gunned the engine of the boat and drove the boat up on trailer till the bow hit the bow stop. The pickup drove away with the boat on the trailer to the parking area. It takes very little ramp time to do it this way, but...

This time his friend in a new pickup truck with trailer attached backed down the paved wet launch ramp at a high speed. As the trailer entered the water with a big splash, the driver hit his brakes hard. All the pickup's wheels locked up, while the trailer plus pickup continued sliding down the wet ramp into the water of Clearwater Bay. When the truck finally came to a stop, the pickup had salt water up to the base of the windshield, the whole engine hood was under water. Ouch!

The moral of that example for me was that I had to have wheel chocks for the trailer as well as for the car to prevent such a catastrophe from happening. Murphy is always lurking, waiting for a chance to do his dirty work. Why give him even a glimmer of hope? I built two sets of wheel chocks with long lanyards attached to them. One set of chocks was used for controlling the location of the trailer and the second set was to prevent the car from going further down the ramp than was intended. Their ultimate purpose was to prevent the car from ever going swimming. Cars, as you probably already know, are notoriously poor swimmers and, if they do decide to go swimming and get their breathing and propulsion system filled with water, resuscitating them becomes an extremely difficult and costly task.

Our new "properly sized" boat/trailer and VW Rabbit combination, with the mas-

sive weight reduction, suddenly became a very nimble rig. The trailer weight plus boat weight were now well within the VW (Germany) towing limit specifications. Acceleration was greatly improved, braking felt much better and cruising speed on an interstate now became an effortless 70mph. The whole rig now was new and vastly improved. It was time we went exploring new waters with our new toy.

Leppo

Every new boat requires a proper name. Our new Micro was named *Leppo*. We have had many question that strange name, *Leppo*. What was its origin? What did it mean? The origin of the name arose when we lived in a western suburb of Paris in 1964. While driving around the local area, Katharina saw a cardboard box for a refrigerator (European small size refrigerator) lying at the curb. Her instant thought was “toy” for our two small children, Hildegard and Gerhard. She stopped, put the cardboard box in the back of our station wagon and brought it home.

A little work with a kitchen knife and she had cut the box in half lengthwise. Now each child had their own “toy” vehicle. What would they do with them? Their imaginations were fired up. What kinds of projects could they make with these open boxes? The first things that they said they needed inside the open boxes were seats. Then how about some oars, and what about a mast and a sail and something round that could act as a steering wheel.

Two children’s imaginations were hard at work. Their half boxes became all sorts of vehicles, motorboats, submarines, airplanes, sailboats, cars, trucks, tractors, locomotives pulling trains, for them. When we asked what their creations could do, they explained that they were capable of sailing the oceans, flying in the sky, driving down the highway and they could live in them, too.

“What do you call these magical creations of yours?” we asked. Hildegard and Gerhard told us that they had invented a “Leppo” and their “Leppo” could do all of these things, and a lot more as well. So we thought that the name *Leppo* neatly defined what our Micro could do. *Leppo* could travel (and already had) down a highway. It could cross bridges high in the sky (fly), it could go underwater via tunnels underneath Baltimore Harbor, it could sail and it could be lived in. So our Micro officially was named *Leppo*.

A name like *Leppo* also has another major advantage by having only five letters, vs a boat having a name like *Princess of the Outer Hebrides* when it came time to painting its name on a transom.

Travels With Leppo

After looking at maps and then checking with the New York State Tourist Office for launch ramps, we decided that Lake Champlain, and the Essex, New York, area seemed very suitable for our first explorations. Lake Champlain became our first destination for the maiden voyage with the new and improved *Leppo*. Arriving at Essex, New York, we found a very small town with many lovely old red brick homes, several restaurants and a summer theater group that put on theatrical performances. What more could you want for a vacation operating base? After making some inquiries we located, and settled into, a large room of a huge old farm house, now the 1852 Inn, a bed and breakfast. Then we did some reconnaissance.

We drove to the Essex Shipyard in downtown Essex and discovered a lovely little marina. Yes, they had dock space available for us, and the French restaurant we saw at the Shipyard “was the best in the whole neighborhood” we were told. First problem solved.

We then drove from Essex to Willsboro, the next town north, which had a New York State launch ramp at the bottom end of Willsboro Bay. Following the road signs that pointed the way to the launch ramp we finally located and reached it. It was splendid, wide enough so that six boats could be launched at the same time down a long, gently sloping concrete ramp. There was also a large parking area for cars and trailers and a floating dock at the ramp where a boat could be moored so that supplies could be loaded before heading out.

But, I now discovered that we had a new problem as a result of having the new, much shorter trailer. The original trailer that we had gotten with *Leppo* had been very long. That made it easy to back far enough into the water to float *Leppo* off the trailer. The new trailer was not even half the length of the old one.

After a marvelous breakfast the next morning at the 1852 Inn, complete with edible flowers next to our eggs, we drove to Willsboro and our first launch attempt with the new and improved Micro trailer. We parked in the launch ramp parking area. I stepped the masts, got out the sails, mounted the outboard on the stern and put some fenders at the sides and the mooring lines were in place, too.

We were the only ones at the ramp. More goodness. It’s much easier to make launching trials and mistakes in solitude while going through the learning process, rather than demonstrating your beginner’s incompetence before a large audience of experienced people grinning in anticipation of what the neophyte might do wrong next. We had lots of room on the ramp so I could practice my launching method. More goodness.

I learned how to back down the ramp with the new short trailer (it was more difficult). When the trailer wheels almost reached the water I stopped and carefully placed chocks close to the water’s edge to stop the car. Then I continued backing the trailer into the water. By the time the back wheels of the car had reached the chocks, *Leppo*’s stern was just barely getting wet. Even if I put the back wheels of the car into the water (and I wasn’t about to do that) *Leppo* still wouldn’t be in water deep enough for it to float off the trailer. I pulled up the ramp again.

What I needed was a trailer tongue extension to get the trailer further into the water, but what could I use? My answer to that problem was to use an old anchor rode from *Fun Too* that I had put in the trunk of the car, just in case. I tied one end of it to the trailer hitch. Ten feet of free line and then I fastened the other end to the chain eyes at the trailer hitch of the car. We put chocks in back of the trailer wheels. I lowered the front trailer wheel jack and locked it in place.

Then I unhooked the trailer. I moved the car forward to take up the slack in the line, and pulled it another 6’ with the trailer now resting on the main wheels and the trailer jack wheel just to make certain that everything worked as planned. Then I slowly backed the trailer towards the water, now 10’ behind the car and held by the long anchor rode. Katharina alternately pushed and pulled on the trailer wheel jack to keep it going down the ramp in a semi straight line.

The trailer entered the water. I stopped. Katharina placed two chocks in line with the car wheels 6’ closer to the water’s edge, as anti swimming insurance for the car. I backed down some more. The trailer went deeper into the water. Before the car hit the chocks, *Leppo* had floated free. Katharina took the bowline and pulled *Leppo* over to the floating dock. I drove back up the ramp while Katharina removed the chocks from the path of the trailer. On the flat surface again, I stopped, detached our rode, hooked up the trailer and towed it to a parking spot. Our launch system, while messy and time consuming, had worked well.

With everything we needed for our first sailing trip now on board *Leppo*, we headed out, raised sails and started tacking out of Willsboro Bay, a long tranquil finger of water surrounded by the Adirondack Mountains on the west side and the tree covered Willsboro peninsula to the east. Leaving Willsboro Bay and rounding the tip of the peninsula, we headed out into the broadest area of Lake Champlain, with the City of Burlington, Vermont, visible several miles away on the eastern shore.

What we now saw was everything we had been wishing for these past years. The lake was empty. There was hardly a boat of any kind in sight. Wide, beautiful Lake Champlain, 134 miles long, offered us miles and miles of sailing possibilities. The low peaks of the Adirondack Mountains on the western side of Lake Champlain were mirrored by low peaks of the Green Mountains of Vermont on the eastern side. There were lots of islands and small inviting bays to explore. Peace and tranquility while sailing seems to have been found again.

To reach Essex and our new home port Essex Shipyard we had to sail 15 miles south. Far off on the horizon we spotted the white Essex car ferry crossing from Essex, New York, to the Vermont shore. The white ferry became a form of homing beacon for navigation. The nearer we got to the ferry track, the closer we were to the town of Essex and the Essex Shipyard, our new vacation marina.

The Essex Shipyard was another very unusual sight. The whole shipyard was filled with sailboats, nothing but sailboats, which for us was an excellent and most encouraging sign. The majority of these boats had Canadian homeports painted on their transoms. Gusti Iten, the owner of the 1852 Inn, picked us up at the Essex Shipyard and drove us back to the Willsboro ramp so that we could retrieve our car and trailer.

Late Friday afternoons we experienced a French/Canadian invasion from Montreal, Canada, at the Shipyard. Lake Champlain suddenly became a French Canadian owned lake on weekends. The language spoken amongst the sailors at the docks was Canadian French. Most of the sailboats that the Canadians owned were French built boats, from 33’ up to about 45’ in length, built by Beneteau or Jeanneau. It was an impressive looking sailing fleet.

On weekends all the sections of Lake Champlain that we could see while standing on the Essex Shipyard harbor wall were covered in white sails. However, from Monday morning to late Friday afternoon, this huge lake belonged exclusively to us. The only people we shared it with were a few fishermen in small low powered outboard fishing boats who trolled slowly and quietly for lake trout. We really had just found a new sailor’s para-

dise. There were almost no powerboats to be seen, and not a single PWC buzzed about.

Leppo in Maine

After two summers sailing on Lake Champlain and enjoying Gusti and Lil Iten's hospitality at the 1852 Inn B&B, we decided to explore further afield and try sailing the coast of Maine, near Rockland. I had read about a series of small islands a short distance off Owls Head and they looked like an ideal spot to go sailing and exploring in *Leppo*. We rented a one room apartment with a sleeping loft at Owls Head to use as our base.

We drove from Connecticut to Rockland, Maine, towing *Leppo* and explored downtown Rockland. Rockland harbor had a nice paved launching ramp but tides there were in the 9' to 10' range. Having found the ramp and our launching point, our next problem was to find dock space at Owls Head harbor.

Then we were confronted with a different problem. We could only occupy our apartment the following day. We drove on to Camden and later, driving back to Rockland, we passed an RV trailer park. There was our solution for tonight. We'd pull in and spend the night sleeping aboard *Leppo*. I made a "U" turn and drove back to the RV trailer park and checked in. We were assigned a parking spot that had a picnic table in a pine grove. Lavatories, sinks and showers were just a short walk from where *Leppo* was parked. Our RV neighbors sitting in front of their large mobile homes were very curious about us and we soon were in conversations with those to the right and left of us.

As Katharina was getting our stove and pots out of *Leppo* to cook dinner on the picnic table, she allowed as to how we really needed a nice tablecloth for the rather rough looking wooden picnic table and we had forgotten our teapot. Not a problem I said, uncoupling *Leppo*. I drove to a thrift store in downtown Rockland where I bought a nice linen tablecloth, some napkins and a small Corningware teapot. I also bought a flower vase, a glass chimney for a candle as well as a short step-ladder to make climbing in and out of *Leppo* on the trailer easier. On the way back I picked up a bottle of wine and some fresh flowers.

We spread the tablecloth over the picnic table and put the flowers in the vase. I lit the candle and put the glass chimney over it while Katharina was preparing dinner. The table was set with our porcelain plates and wine glasses. Katharina served dinner by candlelight in our pine tree glade. Wine was poured into our glasses and we were ready to celebrate the start of a new sailing adventure as our RV neighbors looked on in astonishment.

After getting settled in our apartment above the General Store at Owls Head the following day, we drove to Owls Head harbor to locate a marina. There was none there. There was also no dock space to be had there or anywhere else in the greater area. All available dock spaces were in constant use by lobster fishermen who were offloading their catches, refueling, taking new bait aboard and who then moored their boats on their own moorings in the middle of the harbor.

Moorings were available for transients, but if we were on a mooring we then would need a dinghy to get back to shore. We didn't have a dinghy. Without a dinghy we couldn't go sailing so our planned Maine sailing vacation turned into an "Explore Lower Coastal Maine" vacation instead. We climbed Mount Megunticook at Camden. We visited a Farm-

er's Fair inland and sampled homemade preserves. We visited "Dynamite" Payson, a boat builder, and bought dinghy plans from him for a Bolger designed Nymph, lightweight and the right size for *Leppo*.

We visited art galleries and antique stores, the Owls Head Museum with its Corliss steam engines, old cars and old, but still operational aircraft and drove many miles on the back roads of Maine, exploring. We didn't do any sailing on this trip but we did see a lot of coastal and inland Maine.

That fall and winter I built a Bolger Nymph dinghy in my shop. The next time we went anywhere we would have a dinghy and could use a mooring if dock space wasn't available.

Leppo in Florida

Leppo went to Florida several more times. Travel was now easy with a lightweight trailer/boat combination. We never even noticed the weight of the trailer/boat behind us unless ywe glanced in the rear view mirror and saw what was closely following us. Our normal cruising speed, on cruise control, was 70mph going to windward on Interstate I-95-S.

At our Glastonbury Town Transfer Station's, Put and Take Section I acquired a slightly bent Fuji racing bicycle that needed a new front wheel and some TLC. I provided the TLC and a few weeks later the Put and Take Section provided the new, proper sized front wheel and tire that I needed to have a functioning bicycle. I built some padded wooden brackets to fit the handlebars. The bicycle then rested upside down on the padded wooden handlebar brackets and on the saddle in *Leppo's* cockpit. The bicycle's wheels were fastened to the mast with bungee cords. It traveled very well in that position. Now I had a bicycle to ride as well as having the dinghy to row for exercise.

Sailing in the Clearwater Bay area was another new experience and very enjoyable. Mostly we had wonderful Florida weather and nice gentleman's breezes. Clearwater Bay had many inlets, coves and waterways lined with lovely homes which made for interesting sailing explorations. The nicest parts of most Florida homes face the water. Sailing past, I was looking at their houses from their very best vantage point. Many times while sailing, a pod of porpoises would accompany us, cavorting in the clear, light green water alongside of *Leppo*. Pelicans, dive bombing for fish, were everywhere. Sailing doesn't get much better than this.

After downsizing and learning the new "How To" about trailer sailing, what is our conclusion? Sailing is still sailing. It really doesn't matter if the boat is large or small, the same physical conditions apply. Wind and weather will affect a small boat more than it does a larger, heavier one, but then we can take a day off from sailing if it is blowing too hard and do some local sightseeing.

Everything on a small boat is smaller and lighter (and much cheaper) than on a big boat. Single handing is easy. Small boats are also very seaworthy if we should want to undertake a longer trip. The numbers of bays, inlets, rivers, lakes, sounds and other bodies of water we can explore have become so great that we will need a second sailing lifetime to even begin to check them out.

Using our small boat primarily for day sailing enjoyment rather than as a floating home with sail propulsion presents other

advantages. With a big boat, if we anchor in a harbor, we hardly get to meet anyone new. Now we get to meet many new people in our sailing area, first, there are the other people staying at the B&B, then other sailors at the launch ramp and later, at the local restaurants that we frequent, we meet people that we would never have met before while sailing, and living on our big boat.

If Murphy forces us to take a day or two off because of bad weather, so what? We still have our car available to take a trip in the rain to places we'd never ordinarily get to visit such as Quebec, which we later did on a much too windy day at Moosehead Lake in Maine.

We found that trailer sailing was a very different, but low cost and highly enjoyable form of sailing that opens unimaginable new sailing possibilities. We were now happy and contented sailors again. We have found many new peaceful and quiet sailing spots. But this has led us to a new and almost totally unsolvable problem for us.

Now that we have a trailerable sailboat, and have gained some trailering experience, what lovely sailing areas should we explore next? Decisions, decisions, decisions but that only means exploring lots of very enjoyable sailing areas in newly discovered places all over the United States.

But (and here comes that but again), after sailing *Leppo* for several years I began to find that stepping the free standing solid spruce mast that was 23'6" long was becoming more and more difficult. At 75 years of age I had no problem carrying the weight of the mast in a horizontal position. The problem arose when I was trying to hold the full weight of the mast at an almost 80° angle at arm's length in order to put the mast heel into the mast step at the bottom of the narrow forward compartment of *Leppo* while standing and trying to maintain my balance on the cabin top.

I realized I needed a better solution for stepping a mast. *Leppo's* size and weight were ideal for towing and launching, but stepping the mast? An aluminum mast stepped on deck with shrouds would be much lighter in weight and be a far easier to raise.

(To Be Continued)



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Background

This is the fourth in a series of articles in which I describe the beginning of my trip to circumnavigate the “Lower 48” of the United States in a 19’ Cornish Shrimper named *Tidings*. The end of Part 3 had *Tidings* at anchor in Eastchester Bay, New York, near the Throg’s Neck Bridge. Mike Wick and I were napping and waiting out a rainstorm after an exciting early morning passage through New York Harbor and the East River.

During this trip we recorded the daily log notes on a legal pad that was kept alongside the chart book on a small plywood shelf that sits over the engine box. Because there was no shelter from the rain, the pad quickly got soaked and we stopped taking notes for the next several days as we did our easting. The remainder of the voyage to Mystic is recounted from my memory and the GPS track, which shows where we traveled and spent each night.

Long Island Sound

The rain became steady so, after a two hour layover, we suited up again in our foul weather gear and continued toward Long Island Sound. The thing about traveling north in Long Island Sound is that we don’t really go north, we mostly go east and, as I may have mentioned earlier, the wind was blowing from the east. Given the wind direction and the rain, when we raised anchor the mainsail and jib stayed furlled, once again we relied on the D-sail. Settling in at the more comfortable speed of 4.5 knots we began our easting.

Our first anchorage was at New Rochelle, where there is a small yacht basin that is completely protected. Most of the basin is filled with mooring buoys and there were already some boats on the moorings, but we found a spot to anchor in shallow water near the edge of the basin. The night was uneventful and we awoke the next morning to gray skies but no rain. Unfortunately there was also very little wind. The sky was gray with heavy overcast and the Sound was almost flat calm.

After the standard breakfast of hot coffee and oatmeal with raisins, we awoke the D-sail and began another day of motoring. Because the weather forecast was poor for sailing, we decided to stay to the Connecticut side of the sound. Our destination was Mystic, Connecticut. Staying near the northern shore of the Sound gave us the most direct route. Also, there are many small harbors along that shore where we could have taken shelter if the weather became unsafe for our small vessel.

As I reviewed the charts and our GPS track while writing this article, it became apparent that we missed some interesting cruising opportunities on the Long Island side. I would have liked to sail in Oyster Bay, Cold Spring Harbor and Northpoint Bay but it was a dreary day with no wind and it did not seem worthwhile at the time. So on we went, taking turns at the helm and chugging along to the reassuring sound of Yanmar.

In the afternoon the wind picked up enough for some sailing. Our course took us through the Norwalk Islands which, according to Wikipedia, are “a chain of more than 25 islands amid partly submerged boulders, reefs and mudflats along a six mile stretch and mostly about a mile off the coast of Norwalk, Connecticut.” Some of the islands are large enough to have lovely cottages. Others are small and bare. It is an interesting mix of

Tidings’ Great Adventure Part 4

By Douglass Oeller

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Chapter TSCA

natural beauty and tasteful architecture.

We enjoyed sailing through the area, admiring the scenery while being mindful to avoid the many submerged rocks. To me, the appearance of the rocky coastline announced that we were now in New England where the rocks have names. From now on navigation had to be precise because there was no muddy bottom to gently inform us that we had strayed too far out of the channel.

In mid afternoon we consulted the *Northern 2019 Waterway Guide* to help us determine a good place to stop. We wanted a marina with a laundry room and shore power to recharge my computer and Mike’s CPAP batteries. We chose the aptly named Cedar Marina on Cedar Creek in Bridgeport, arriving about an hour before dark. The manager, who is also the second generation owner, greeted us and assigned *Tidings* a slip with a floating dock located near the bathrooms and laundry. Unfortunately the laundry facility was not yet open for the season. We enjoyed hot showers and then prepared dinner on the boat. My left foot was still very painful from an accidental scalding while making coffee earlier in the trip. So we passed on the opportunity to do some sightseeing in the town and had another early night instead.

I told Mike that I felt confident going on alone if he wanted to leave the boat. When he had come aboard in New Jersey it was with the understanding that he would help me get *Tidings* safely through New York Harbor. We were now well past those busy waters. There is an Amtrak station in Bridgeport and he could easily be home that afternoon. Mike smiled and said, “Doug, I’m 72 years old. I’m really enjoying this trip and I don’t know how many more trips like this I’ll get. So I’d like to stay aboard until we reach Mystic.” That made good sense to me. So I loaned Mike some clean clothes and was grateful to have him along.

The cloudy skies and easterly wind persisted the next morning. We took time to enjoy a hearty breakfast of corned beef hash and fried eggs. Then we headed back out for more adventure. Although we knew it would slow our progress, we decided to raise sail. We just could not face another entire day of motoring. Instead we spent the day making a series of short tacks near the northern shore of the sound. The wave height was 1’-2’, which is not unsafe but, because we were going upwind, there was spray coming over the bow. The shore gave us a partial lee with calmer water. Mike also explained that the tidal current is usually less strong near the shore. Maybe I really did need his help.

Adventures in Guilford

In the afternoon the rain returned. I smiled a bit to myself about the irony that this was the pleasure cruise Mike wanted to extend. How would he feel if the sun ever came out? Late in the afternoon we again consulted the *Waterway Guide* for a place to

spend the night. We did not need electricity. We could have anchored out. But we were wet and cold and the idea of a hot shower and having dinner in a restaurant was appealing. We decided to stop at the Guilford Town Marina on Sluice Creek in, you guessed it, Guilford.

It is standard protocol that boaters arriving at a marina after normal business hours will choose a slip and visit the marina office the following morning to register and pay the slip fee. We got *Tidings* well secured in an obviously vacant slip on a floating dock and headed up to see if the shower room was unlocked. What a surprise to find that there was a locked gate between us and the shore! The gate was about 5’ tall. Slip holders use an electronic key card to gain access to the docks. Visitors who arrive after hours are evidently out of luck. This situation was frustrating to Mike and I because we could see the Guilford Mooring seafood restaurant about 100 yards further down the harbor. But the restaurant has no dock. Some colorful language issued forth.

Annoyed but undaunted, I suggested that we could use the dinghy (*P.S.*) to row down to the end of the harbor. Harbors always have safety ladders in case someone falls overboard. We would tie *P.S.* to the ladder, climb up and enjoy our restaurant meal. *P.S.* is a nutshell pram only 7’7” long. She is somewhat prone to capsize and not really designed to carry two portly sailors. But the danger was low. The worst case was that we would both end up in the water. If that happened it would be while boarding or exiting the dinghy. And we would be near a ladder in either case. So we eased ourselves carefully into the tiny craft, rowed down to the restaurant and swarmed up that safety ladder in the darkness like pirates boarding a prize ship.

The Guilford Mooring Restaurant has a casual bar and a formal dining room. We arrived on May 18, which was a Friday night. The place was hopping. There was no room for us to dine in the bar. The hostess took us to the dining room instead. Both of us were still wearing full foul weather suits and rubber boots over several layers of warm clothing. We were wet, salt stained and ungroomed. I was walking with a severe limp that could be mistaken for a drunken stagger. I protested that we weren’t properly attired for fine dining. The hostess just smiled and showed us to a table for two with a white tablecloth.

The room was warm. We ordered beers and then began peeling off our boots and layers of clothing and hanging garments on the backs of our chairs. The clothes were steaming and perhaps a bit aromatic. We ordered our meal and were enjoying the warm bread and butter when the hostess returned with a well dressed young couple whom she placed at a table about 6” away from us. As soon as she left I heard the woman stage whisper to the man, “Go see if they have any space to eat in the bar!” He jumped to duty and returned shortly with a “what can you do” shrug. At that point I gave her a smile and turned my attention back to the fine food and drink. No words were exchanged. I hope that she enjoyed her meal and got a good story to tell, as did I.

After several beers and an excellent meal, both Mike and I were weaving slightly as we left the restaurant and returned to the metal safety ladder to which *P.S.* was tied. The tide had been running out while we dined. Now the distance down to the boat was further and the last few rungs of the lad-

der were above the level of the water and covered with slimy seaweed and barnacles. Mike decided that it was too risky to try and climb down into the boat. If we fell in the water, we might not be able to climb back up the ladder.

So, we walked back to the marina to find a way around or over the locked gate. There were some large plastic trash containers with wheels parked by the marina office. Mike wheeled one over to the fence. I held it steady while he clambered up on top of the container across the fence and down the other side. The top of the container buckled a bit. But I pushed it back out and parked the container back where it belonged. I must say that I was impressed by how quickly and easily my septuagenarian shipmate bypassed the security of that locked gate. Mike gave me a smile and casually ambled down the dock to where *Tidings* was waiting. I wondered (still do) if they had a surveillance camera.

Then I walked back to *P.S.*, climbed down the ladder, lowered myself gently into the boat and rowed back to our slip. The police did not come to visit and we spent a peaceful night in that well sheltered slip. The marina office was not yet open when we left the next morning. Given that we had arrived late, left early and not used any of the facilities, I felt little regret at not waiting around to pay for the slip. Besides, that locked gate really did annoy me.

Arriving at Mystic

The weather pattern of gray clouds and intermittent rain showers persisted on May 19. Our goal was to reach Mystic Seaport before dark. As with the preceding days, we motored a lot and tried to sail for short amounts of time when it was not raining and the wind was not directly from our direction of travel. I don't remember much about the weather except that the conditions got rougher and the wind speed increased as we entered Fishers Island Sound in the afternoon. In mid afternoon we passed to the north of the Dumplings (two small islands to the north of Fishers Island) and turned north to enter the narrow and winding channel through Mystic Harbor. Then we continued up the Mystic River toward the Seaport.

Being early in the boating season, traffic was light. Later I learned that the locals usually do not start boating until after Memorial Day. I can only recall seeing one another boat that afternoon. It was a sailboat flying a spinnaker and, of course, it came downwind directly from our desired direction of travel.

There are two bridges to pass going from Mystic Harbor up the Mystic River to the Seaport. The first is a swivel type railroad bridge. The vertical clearance is 8'. The bridge was closed when we arrived. My new handheld VHF radio was not working because I had overcharged the battery (what kind of plug in charger design lets you overcharge a battery?). There was a telephone number painted on the side of the bridge. We called, got connected to the railroad office, put on hold and eventually learned that the bridge opened on a time schedule. The next opening was in about 15 minutes. So, we ran the D-sail at an idle and pattered around in circles until the bridge swung open.

The next barrier is a bascule bridge with a vertical clearance of 4' in the town of Mystic. This one also operates on a time schedule. We arrived about 20 minutes early and could not easily hold in place because the

current was running at about 3 knots. Luckily there was a pier nearby that allows short term docking for boats to wait for the bridge. We put some fenders over the side and tied up to sit there in the rain. Being within sight of our objective, I poured us each a small ration of rum to lift our spirits and celebrate the accomplishment. When the bridge keeper sounded his bell, we cast off and motored through the opening as the intensity of the rain increased. We headed to the transient dock at the Seaport and secured *Tidings* at the end of the dock.

Mike has a brother Chris who lives on Mason's Island, which is only a few miles from Mystic. The two had been in touch by telephone earlier in the day and Chris and his wife Shirley met us on the dock shortly after we arrived. I tidied the lines and fenders, handed up our duffels and we left the valiant *Tidings* bobbing there in the rain as we escaped to the shelter of Chris' home. Although the trip had been short, it seemed a great luxury to be once again sitting on a couch in a warm comfortable home. Mike and Chris swapped family updates and old sea stories while I sipped a strong drink and chatted with Shirley, who proved to be a most gracious hostess.

The following morning, May 20, the sun shone. Really, I know it sounds like a contrived plot line but that is what happened. Chris took us back to the Seaport. We stopped by the Dockmaster's office to pay the slip fee. Then Mike and I took *Tidings* back out the Mystic River to the Mason's Island Yacht Club where Chris, who is the Commodore, had arranged a temporary mooring for us.

My original plan had been to anchor *Tidings* near the Seaport Museum and ask Chris and Bill Rutherford to keep an eye on her as they both do volunteer work there. But this was a far better arrangement. We secured *Tidings* on the mooring, rowed *P.S.* to the dinghy dock, pulled her out of the water and lashed her to the dock upside down to await my return. My plan was to go home for a two week break and then return to start the next two week leg from Mystic, Connecticut, to Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

Mike and I decided to stay for a second night at Wick's B&B and take the train home on May 21. That evening we had the nice surprise of meeting Bill and Karen Rutherford at a local restaurant where they happened to be celebrating Bill's birthday. It was a very pleasant ending to the first leg of *Tidings* Great Adventure.

(To Be Continued)

Living in the Moment

By Dean Raffaelli

Maine is a fluid environment. Twice daily the tide rushes in and out. This dramatic event progresses by about an hour each day. The wide tidal ranges and sweeping currents require careful monitoring of time. The amount of water that rises and falls, and thus the strength of the current, varies with the interaction between the earth and the moon.

In *Carrie Rose's* pilothouse there is a Weems & Plath clock with a discernable tick-tock. Often it is the only sound. Its constancy can be annoying. But then I am reminded that the quiet click is a blessing compared to the noise that emanates from above our Chicago bungalow which sits under the flight path of O'Hare's Runway 28R.

Carrie Rose first ventured into tidal waters after locking through the Troy Lock at the Federal Dam on the Hudson River in 2015. Its purpose is to stop the tide's influence upstream. At this point, the southern tip of Manhattan Island, our destination, was still 150 miles downstream.

My lack of tidal knowledge was a concern. There was little insight to be gained from locals or from cruisers passing the other way, so I started to read. The "bibles" of east coast tides and currents are *Reed's Nautical Almanac* and *Eldridge Tide and Pilot Book*. Since I could only find *Eldridge*, this bright yellow book became my guide.

It is dense. The first half is made up of background information. Page after page discusses what influences tides, how to navigate the book's tables, the peculiarities of locks and then, before the voluminous tables and maps begin, a short primer on chart symbols and the rules of the road are included.

I delved into it. The pressure I felt was akin to preparing for medical boards and the anxiety grew as we approached the end of the Champlain Canal at Waterford, New York. Our attention to detail rewarded us with a safe, if not uneventful, trip north.

Maine's, and Canada's, intense physical reality only magnified the tides' and currents' influence. But still I thought if other boats manage to not fall off the edge of the earth we, if prepared, should not either. This "edginess" has made each moment of our cruise as momentous as the next.

In some ways, *Carrie Rose* is a time machine, a machine that stretches or compresses time contingent with the situation. It makes each moment spent on the water uniquely rewarding, and prevents me from taking the clock's battery out.



After spending some time on land on the *Ticonderoga* at the Shelburne, Vermont, Museum last fall, the lovely and talented Naomi was inspired to head for the water and go sailing. We drove north about 20 miles and found the waterfront of beautiful downtown Burlington, Vermont. There, at the end of a slip in a tiny corner was a pretty gaff rigged boat. It was a Friendship sloop. I know that boat! It was owned by a man in Buffalo, New York, at one time and sold to the current owner of Whistling Man Schooner Company here in Burlington, about 12 years ago.

Friendship is the name of the boat, a beautiful Friendship sloop, a workboat design that had its early evolution developed in the town of Friendship, Maine. These boats have been converted to private yachts and some for the daysailing passenger trade. Check the website, Friendship Sloop Society, for much information of this design and history.

This was our lucky day. We had booked a late afternoon trip of two hours and we had what I can only describe as a glorious sail. The October weather was sunny and cool and a steady wind that promised a good sail. The Captain got us familiar with the boat's mandatory safety equipment and requirements. We were offered blankets in case of it getting too cool later on. The comfortable cockpit had ten guests and two captains for this trip.

Along the shore a beautiful gaff rigged sloop majestically cuts through the water taking each wave masterfully and with poise. On a nearby wharf a man turns to a friend to inquire about the impressive sloop sailing by. "Why, it's a Friendship," is the reply. Wherever a Friendship Sloop can be seen, sailing or moored, there will be people to admire her graceful lines and sailing ability.

The Friendship Sloop has no real birth but was gradually developed around 1880 from the fishing and lobstering needs of the men of Muscongus Bay on the Maine coast. It is certain some of these fishermen had seen a Gloucester fishing boat and, being impressed with lines, had incorporated some of its features into their own hull designs. These men did not build a "class boat" where every hull is the same length. From existing records we find that the original builders constructed sloops varying in length of 21'-50'. Probably the average length would be about 30'-40'.

The basic design was scaled up or down depending on length and followed a preset formula. They all had an elliptical stern and most of them a clipper bow and were gaffed rigged. The preset formula included such measurements as the beam equaled one third the overall length and the length of the mast should equal the length overall plus half the draft, etc.

Boat shops dotted the coastline of Bremen, Bremen Long Island, Morse Island, Cushing, Thomaston and Friendship. In 1903 there were 22 sloops being built on the shores of Bremen Long Island alone. Many of the men went into the woods to cut their own wood and hauled it to the sawmill with horses. The island builders floated their sawn planks (25'-36') suspended over two dories to get it to their offshore boat houses. Each builder had some little secret innovation which in his estimation made his model better than the others.

A Glorious Sail on Lake Champlain

By Greg Grundtisch



We motored out of the harbor and the captain had the crew raise the sails and the engine was turned off. The wind filled the sails and we were sailing on a perfect reach across the lake. It was just a picture perfect time on this very postcard like scenic lake. The Green Mountains of Vermont to the east and the Adirondacks on the west made for some spectacular views that were highlighted

as the sun was beginning to set with beautiful colors of fiery red orange and yellow.

We sailed along with some perfect winds and it made for very fun times with both captains and guests. There was some banter and storytelling by both, some of which were true. Others may have had some exaggeration or lore to them. The legendary "Champ," Lake Champlain's version of a sea monster was brought up, along with a story that proves its existence is real. It was told by the captain so it has to be true. We may have actually seen it in the distance but it was too far away to be sure. But there was a disturbance on the water's surface. That is for sure.

As evening was setting in, the sun was setting over the Adirondacks and a spectacular show of light and color was visible for our return trip to the waterfront dock. This was one of the most scenic, fun, pleasant sails I've had in a long time. There was much fun and laughter as well as some glorious scenery and a sail that was as good as one could ask for. This is a very well run charter company and I would recommend a sail on *Friendship* if you find yourself in this very beautiful state and lake.

For more on this boat and sailing for the 2019 season, search Whistling Man Schooner Company. A fun time will be had and you can bring your own beer, wine and snacks with you, too.

Welcome to the
Friendship Sloop Society
www.fss.org

Betty Roberts has written this brief history of the Sloop



Wives were put to work when it came time to make the sails. Usually the builder took the sailcloth out in the field to cut the pieces the way he wanted them. Then his wife had to take a "bite" down through each piece and set it together. All this was done with a treadle sewing machine.

Launching was done in many ways. Some sloops were dragged onto the ice in the spring and left to float as the ice melted. Others were hauled to the water by oxen.

The usual procedure was for the fisherman to spend his winter building the sloop, fish with it all summer, sell her in the fall and start the process over again come winter. She was sold for what the builder had in it, usually \$350-\$500. This schedule enabled him to have a boat to work from and something to keep him busy all winter.

There are many names that are remembered as builders, Carters, McLains, Collores, Winchenbachs, Morses and others but Wilbur Morse's name comes up as father of the Friendship Sloop because of the large number that come from his shop. It is said a sloop was launched every two or three months. Because of Wilbur's mass production and his shop being in Friendship, this great sloop acquired the name of the town he was building in.

Thus it was before the turn of the century one could see Friendship Sloops all over the bay engaged in seining for herring, hand lining for cod, sword fishing, mackereling and lobstering. Lobstering today is a difficult enough job with all the modern day motors, electronic gear and the like, but to haul and bait traps, plus managing a huge sail and keeping a boat with about a 5' draft off the rocks must have been a full sized order for most men. When an 80 year old lobsterman was asked about this, he said, "Lead out the sheet of the mains'l quite a way and trim the jib tight while you're hauling. The sloop will lay good then."

The advent of motors and modern equipment around 1915 almost relegated this great craft to extinction, but her fine lines, her seaworthiness and her great record have added "yachting" to her long list of uses. Many a yachtsman has been awed by the graceful lines of this sloop. Bernard MacKenzie of Scituate was one such sailor. He sailed his beautiful *Voyager* in a Boston Power Squadron race in 1960 and, in the strong winds, won the race. This inspired him to have a Homecoming Race in Friendship. In 1961 14 Sloops sailed in a regatta and the Friendship Sloop Society was born. Each year now a regatta sponsored by the Society is held in July in Maine and Connecticut. It is also held in Massachusetts during August.

The Friendship Sloop's fishing career has given way to progress, but her charm will live forever.

Coast Guard Rescues Two Near Tillamook

Watchstanders at the Sector Columbia River Command Center received a Mayday call from a hand held maritime radio at 8:45am and immediately directed the launch of two 47' Motor Lifeboat crews from Station Tillamook Bay and a MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter aircrew from Air Station Astoria.

A man and a woman were fishing off a jet propulsion type watercraft near Netarts Bay when they were flipped over by a wave causing them to fall overboard. The man had a small marine radio which he used to make a Mayday call and help direct rescue crewmembers to their location. Crewmembers from Station Tillamook Bay safely recovered the two people in distress who were reportedly shivering but responsive.



Coast Guard Responds to Sinking Vessel Near Cheshire, Ohio

Coast Guard Marine Safety Unit Huntington received a report that the towing vessel *Ed McLaughlin*, owned by McGinnis Marine, capsized in the Ohio River at Mile Marker #259. All three crewmembers who were aboard the vessel were accounted for and taken to a local hospital and were reported to be in stable condition. There was an estimated 4,900 gallons of Diesel fuel onboard.



Coast Guard Rescues Three off San Diego

A person aboard the 30' sailing vessel *Divided Soul* called Mayday on a VHF-FM marine band radio that was picked up by watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector San Diego Joint Harbor Operations Center. The *Divided Soul's* Emergency Position Indicating Radio Beacon (EPIRB) was triggered and provided search and rescue coordinators with the exact location of the vessel miles west of Torrey Pines.

Watchstanders dispatched the Fast Response Cutter *Robert Ward* to assist. A Marine Corps MV-22 Osprey helicopter crew from Marine Corps Air Station Miramar was operating in the area and was able to locate the overturned boat. The Osprey crew stayed on the scene until the crew of the *Robert Ward* arrived. The *Robert Ward* crew located all three people and pulled them out of the water with no reported medical concerns.



Our Coast Guard
in Action



Coast Guard Terminates Biscayne Charter

The Coast Guard terminated the voyage of the 45' pleasure craft *Sea You Twerk* with 14 passengers aboard in Biscayne Bay after discovering multiple safety violations. The owner was cited for, among other things, not having a valid Certificate of Inspection and not having a credentialed mariner in control while operating a small passenger vessel.

"It can be very dangerous to take part in a charter that doesn't meet regulations and educating yourself on what to look for to determine whether or not the operation is legitimate can save your life," said Jesus Porrata, Coast Guard Sector Miami lead marine investigator. "It's important that people looking to charter a boat verify the captain's license and the safety of the vessel."



Coast Guard Interdicts Suspected Smugglers with Approximately 132lbs of Cocaine

The Coast Guard Cutter *Paul Clark* (WPC-1106) crew initially detected a west-bound 35' pleasure craft approximately 30 miles east of Haulover Inlet. The boarding team discovered a Bahamian national hidden under a blanket along with approximately 132lbs of cocaine in the vessel's engine room. Initial background checks identified

that the Bahamian individual had multiple previous narcotics smuggling convictions and an active United States arrest warrant.

This successful interdiction is the result of a diligent boarding team who safely stopped criminals seeking to bring contraband to the streets of South Florida.



USCG Issues Record Fine

Chicago: The US Coast Guard has issued a record setting fine to a Chicago man who operated an illegal charter boat on Lake Michigan for several years. Robert Glick, owner of the 35' boats *Allora* and *Fun*, was charged with violating three separate federal regulations for each boat while operating a business that involved transporting paying passengers.

The \$80,000 fine represents the largest civil penalty ever handed down by the Coast Guard to a recreational boat owner for operating as an illegal commercial passenger vessel business. The original recommended fine was \$214,000, according to a news release. Civil penalties include \$44,000 for operating without certificates of inspection, \$22,000 for operating without having crew members chemical tested, \$14,000 for failure to have stability letters issued before his boats were placed in service.

"Regulations are in place to help ensure the safety of passengers," said Cmdr Zeita Merchant, commanding officer of Coast Guard Marine Safety Unit Chicago. "The Coast Guard's ultimate goal is to ensure the safety of the boating public through full compliance with the minimum safety standards required in law and regulation."

The Coast Guard says it notified Glick of his violations in April 2016, providing him with information to help him come in compliance with regulations. Between June 3, 2017, and June 30, 2018, *Allora* and *Fun* were stopped multiple times by members of Coast Guard Station Calumet Harbor and Illinois Department of Natural Resources. Violations were found each time, the Coast Guard said. In total, the *Allora* was boarded or witnessed underway with passengers ten times on ten different days.

Further investigation determined that Glick knowingly advertised the two boats for commercial service and that he continued operating a commercial vessel business after repeatedly being told to cease operations, including after a passenger was injured on the *Allora* on June 16, 2018.



Merchant Fleet

The *Adliac Fortune*, a Viet Nam product tanker, mysteriously exploded at dock. While reports cited one killed and four workers severely injured, officials did not release any further information.

China banned wash water from being dumped into the Yangtze River. The government is becoming very conscious of the pollution in the river and the problems it causes. The water used to wash the insides of tankers and freighters regardless of the former contents have been released directly into the river creating severe ecological damage. Evidently the Chinese do not want a Dead Zone like the US has in Louisiana.

Mitsui OSK Passenger Line (MOPAS) suspended cruises and fired one of its captains after the *Nippon Maru* allided into a Navy fuel pier in Apra Harbor, Guam. With 300 paying passengers and a 252 crew, the ship sustained no casualties, however, the same cannot be said of the ship that seemed to have significant damage. The Master was suspended after it was discovered he had violated the company rules regarding no drinking four hours before departure. The ship was bound for Saipan.

Kirby Corporation purchased Cenec Marine Corporation for about \$244 million. The latter's fleet consists of 63 30,000 barrel inland barges, two offshore tugs and 34 towboats. Kirby just completed acquisition of Higman Marine and its 159 tank barges and 75 towboats for a piddling \$418 million. Earlier, Kirby acquired Targa Resources Inc., adding 16 pressure barges. Kirby announced intentions to add a 27 barge inland fleet from CGBM.

Hapag-Lloyd's *Yantian Express* caught fire in the North Atlantic causing damage to the ship and cargo initiating a call for General Average that means that the cost of material loss and repair is averaged out among the shippers whose cargo was aboard. The sacrifices are shared by all entities that had cargo aboard the vessel according to data determined by officials in the Bahamas. Unfortunately, this is the second time within a year such General Average requirements have been established by Hapag-Lloyd.

Although the President wants to build a wall across the southern border to keep out illegal immigrants, most contraband and illegal entries are made through US ports. The American Association of Port Authorities has requested an additional \$4 billion for enhancing port security. Cyber security seems to be a major issue.

Chemtrans Nova had two engineers injured when they were working on an enclosed lifeboat that suddenly broke off its davits, tossing them into the water. The Coast Guard Cutter *Reliance* was about 20 nm away from the accident and rushed to the scene while a Navy P-8 Poseidon that had also heard the call flew overhead providing long distance communications. A boat from the *Reliance* rescued one man while the Navy spotted the other in the water. Both men were taken to the cutter and taken by an Elizabeth City CG station helicopter to Naval Station Norfolk. They suffered internal injuries and broken bones.

Unfortunately, lifeboat injuries are notoriously common on merchant vessels. The Seafarer's Union has long complained about such problems. As early as 2016, the Secretary General of the union decried poor maintenance of lifeboats.



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

White Fleet

Antigua seems like a dream vacation for Iowans when the temperature is -30° with a wind chill factor of -50°. However, the island showed some disturbing incidents in a recent single week. Two elderly passengers on an unnamed cruise ship were beaten, stabbed and robbed by a pair of teens while the ship stopped for tours. The injuries were not life threatening, the money was recovered and the culprits were captured.

In the same week, two British tourists from a cruise ship were robbed in Antigua. Police report an uptick in robberies and data indicates that Antigua has three times the murder rate of other islands in the region. Authorities are warning tourists to be on the alert at all times while there. Cruisers have taken to the coconut telegraph about strings of theft while moored in Antigua.

Sea News

BP announced it was spending \$1.36 billion for increased oil production in the Atlantis oil field in the Gulf of Mexico. Considering the falling gas prices, maybe BP should simply buy a billion dollar CD.

The Sea Shepherd's *M.V. Farley Mowatt* was attacked in the Gulf of California by hostiles aboard 20 fast speedboats which fired projectiles, hurled rocks and set fire to one side of the hull despite Mexican Navy attempts to protect the ship. Two Navy inflatable boats were also attacked. The ship was in the Gulf protecting the Vaquita Porpoise that is highly endangered, only 30 remain alive. The main killer of these little fish is illegal gill netting in the region. In fact, 97% of the fish caught by seized gillnets were illegal due to being endangered.

Gray Fleet

Norway's badly damaged frigate *Helge Ingstad* was in considerably worse shape than originally thought. Photos show that the frigate, run aground by her captain when she started to sink, was listing significantly to the starboard with her stern underwater. Tugs had to work diligently to keep the vessel from turning turtle.

The warship had participated in the Trident Junction war games and was returning to port when she slammed into the Maltese flagged tanker, *Sola*, an 820' ship. Transponders indicate that the tanker was sitting idle when the 440' warship hit her. *Helge Ingstad* is one of Norway's most sophisticated fighting vessel that carries an Aegis combat system featuring 32 RIM-162 Evolved Sea Sparrow missiles and Naval Strike missiles, four Stingray torpedo tubes, a 76mm deck gun and a NH 90 helicopter. Any bets on this skipper's career?

Salvors have removed most of the ammunition and secured wire ropes (yes, wire is called rope in the Navy and rope is called lines) to keep the ship from sinking

into deeper water. Because the torpedoes were so sensitive they had to be destroyed near shore. Videos show some spectacular images of their destruction.

The US Navy had another fender bender when the guided missile cruiser *USS Leyte Gulf (CG-55)* smacked her stern into the stern of the *USNS Robert E. Peary (T-AKE 5)* doing replenishment at sea, a maneuver that is accomplished often but remains incredibly difficult. The dry stores ship sustained an 8" gash above the waterline and the cruiser had some flight deck netting torn off. No doubt this will end the career of the officer who had the conn on one of the ships and probably the Commanding Officer as well.

The Naval Institute's *Proceedings* monthly laments the lack of training for sailing ships. The typical line officer spends most of his/her time in paper pushing or department billets prior to duty as an Executive Officer. If they are lucky, they get command of a ship with about a year of specific training for that particular type of ship. The frequency of Navy ship collisions is becoming serious.

At sea replenishment was originally attempted during World War I but not often used until the middle stages of World War II. After Pearl Harbor such maneuvers were hazardous, dangerous and difficult. Too often historians blame COs for not doing a better job of ship to ship fueling or replenishment without truly understanding that this was not something most skippers were trained to do or had the opportunity to try. Nevertheless, someone goofed big time aboard *Leyte Gulf* or the *Robert Peary*.

As a member of the *USS Iowa (SSN-797)* Christening Committee I was interested to learn about meals aboard the cramped quarters of a submarine, and I was delighted to hear that the galley runs 24/7 feeding all those hungry 19-20 year olds. One hundred and forty-two men will stuff themselves with pizza, hamburgers, steak, eggs, etc.

The *Iowa* will go to sea with about 180 dozen eggs (hopefully from Iowa chickens) and dozens of 45gal containers of fresh milk. When those run out, the crew sustains itself on powdered eggs and a high tech room temperature version of milk that tastes like the real stuff (says the guy who has to serve it). The Navy is well known for its chow and great food becomes almost sacred for guys who rarely see the light of day. For the uninformed, submariners can easily be identified by the crooked index finger from holding their coffee cups for days on end. For Bubbleheads, there is no such thing as too much coffee.

The Director of Naval Research announced that their experimental unmanned ship, *Sea Hunter*, a 132' trimaran, successfully traveled from San Diego to Hawaii and back without anyone on board or having any human navigation. The supposed use of such a ship is anti submarine warfare. Relatively cheap at around \$200 million, this ship can run for months on end trailing submarines. The next version will include an anti torpedo weapon. Oh, what a modern world in which we live.

Meanwhile, the Navy just ordered two new *Ford* class aircraft carriers at a miserly cost of \$15 billion. They are expected to be home base for F-35 jets. *CVN-80* and *CVN-81* are expected to replace the *Eisenhower (CVN-69)* and the *Carl Vinson (CVN-70)*.

Oh boy, the Pentagon's Director of Testing and Evaluation issued a negative review

of the Navy's newest carrier, the *USS Gerald Ford*. The Gold Braids are already bristling over the DOT-E's chronic reports on the LCS vessels that seem to sprout monthly, now they have to deal with the carrier's inability to launch and recover the F-35 jets that are assigned to her.

The F-35 was to be the answer to all the military services. Like the LCS concept, the F-35 was to save incredible amounts of money by using the same plane for Air Force, Marine Corps and Navy. Unfortunately, the missions of the three services are drastically different and require different planes. The Navy's version of the F-35 has a failure rate unacceptable to the Pentagon, pilots and carrier skippers.

During 763 landings on the *Ford*, ten failed due to Arresting Gear Failure. The acceptable rate is one per 16,500 landings. DOT-E listed a myriad of failures to the core systems including ability to generate speed necessary to launch or recover planes, poorly working catapults, arresting gear, weapons elevators and Dual Band Radar. A Navy nurse once advised her colleagues not to date pilots because of the number of guys who perished in training. With the DOT-E report, one can understand the nurse's warning. After looking at the above stories do you get a feeling that the world is spinning out of control?

The US Navy has assigned more of the surface fleet to the Arctic because of the increased shipping in the region. The Navy has had to shoulder this burden because of the decrease in funding for the Coast Guard that is under the Homeland Security budget and not the Defense Department.

During World War II, African Ameri-

cans in the military were segregated and limited to junior enlisted or food service ratings. An Alabama born but a Pittsburgh raised African American named Warren Traveous Deyampert joined the US Coast Guard as a food server aboard the cutter *Escanaba* that escorted convoys across the North Atlantic. After achieving rank of 2nd Class Officers Steward, Deyampert volunteered as a rescue swimmer. He was trained to don a rubber drysuit with a harness and lengthy rope. His job was to jump into freezing water and pull crew to the ship.

On February 3, 1943, the troopship *Dorchester* was hit by a German torpedo and sank within 20 minutes. *Escanaba* immediately reached the scene as the ship went under. As a rescue swimmer, Deyampert went into freezing water while the air temperature

was below freezing. He pulled groups of men in life rafts or floating in their life preservers alongside the cutter where they were pulled aboard. He held up individuals until he could secure them with a line connected to the ship. He selflessly remained in the water for over four hours rescuing 133 survivors, at least 100 were directly saved by Deyampert.

Three months later, the *Escanaba* was lost in action killing her entire crew but for two. Deyampert was not among them. He was awarded the Navy Marine Corps Medal and the Purple Heart posthumously. Now the Coast Guard is naming its newest cutter the *Warren T. Deyampert* in honor of this incredibly brave man who put others before his own life during a period when he was the object of official discrimination.



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October 2017 Windstorm Benefit

When strong winds took down trees and powerlines everywhere in our area last October, one MFS volunteer saw the damage done to several white pines at Bowdoin College in Brunswick, known to many as the "Bowdoin Pines." Volunteer Dan Wood contacted the college and was able to secure three of them for the remaining masts needed for *Virginia*. Thanks to the generosity of Bowdoin College, which donated them to MFS, *Virginia's* mainmast is now being fashioned outside the Boat Shed, rain or snow.

Thanks also to Higmo's Lumber, which transported the trees to their East Brunswick yard and then brought the log that will be used for the mainmast to Bath. "This tree, as many of them are at Bowdoin, is tall and straight, two very important characteristics of a mast tree and has very few knots," said Allison Hepler of Maine's First Ship. "Furthermore," she added, "as a historian, I love the history of Maine that is associated with trees like these, tall white pines for the King's Navy, one of the reasons for English settlement here."



Reconstructing the Pinnacle *Virginia*

Women's Shipbuilding Day in November

As usual, women's shipbuilding day was a lot of fun. On a bright sparkly day in November a returning builder from the previous year, Krista Roos, brought an invasion of women from Lowell's Boat Shop in Amesbury, Massachusetts. We were joined by a number of women from the local area. There were so many hands that one group worked on the mast, one group worked on trunnelling and the third group worked on cutting out a deck beam.

Using a 16" circular saw was too much for some to resist, as they cut out the 6" thick deck beam. Because of the available woman-power, we carried the two deck beams up into the boat and put them near where they will be installed. A little bit of fairing and they will be ready to go.



Closing in on Shutter Planks Beginning Deck Construction

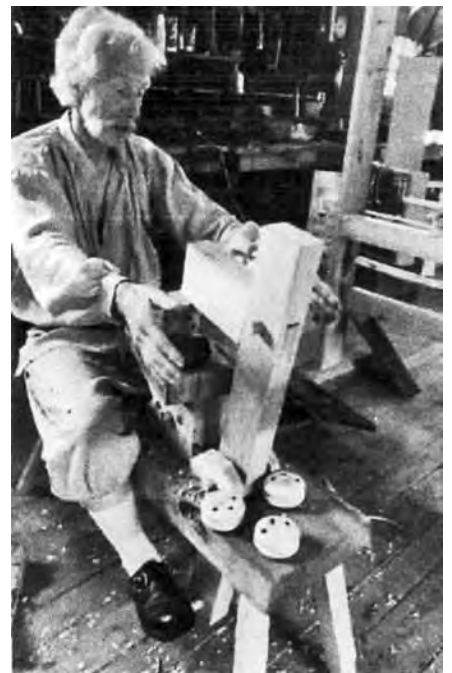
The end of planking is in sight as we have started on the shutter (shudder, whiskey, ice cream) planks which should be wrapped up early this year. We have the beam clamp, which will support the ends of the deck beams, pretty far along in its installation. We also have a couple of deck beams cut. Visitors will be seeing deck framing at the same time we finish up the planks.

The white pine deck planks, which have been seasoning for years in John Morse's Phippsburg shed, are now in the boatyard and, while all this goes on, the mainmast is being hewn out. It goes without saying but Rob will say it anyway, "The volunteers are just a fantastic bunch." But he would never say it to their faces.



Summer Drop in Programs

Drop in programs will again be on tap this summer. The series of summer drop in programs last summer was a big success. There was something for everyone, a variety of programs for children and adults. Shown here, clockwise from right, 17th century music, model building, 17th century traditional woodworking, exploring an estuary environment with Kennebec Estuary Land Trust and Sea Chanteys at Work hauling a line. Plans are now afoot for this summer.



Like our esteemed editor, Bob Hicks, I came to boating in a serious way at about age 50. For me, however, that was a bit more than a decade ago. I had earned a canoeing merit badge at Scout camp and rented or borrowed canoes on occasion or gone aboard friends' boats, but never more than once every couple of years. To call me a casual boater was overstating the case.

My entry into the boating world was facilitated by Dave Gray, of Polysail International fame. Dave still lived in Indiana back then and was a prominent feature in the Puddle Duck Racer scene at the time. Dave assisted both me and a friend, Andy C, in building two PDR hulls, hull numbers #134 and #135. I still have the boat, but as I've aged it now rides on a proper boat trailer instead of being manhandled in and out of a pickup bed. Besides local sailing, I've been to a few Midwest messabouts which are always laidback, fun events.

My next boat building adventure took me from instant boat techniques to skin on frame (SOF) construction. The instructions and frame drawings came from Dave Gentry and were for his Chuckanut 15 Kayak/decked canoe design. Besides harassing Dave constantly by email, I bought one of Jeff Horton's books and even stole an hour or two of his time by phone before muddling my way into a passable version of that boat. I even got a picture of me and the boat into the "Launchings" feature of *WoodenBoat* magazine (No 253, p90).

My SOF boat, *Marshwiggles*, led to an introduction to Walt Peebles, a man of many talents. Walt has one of those ideal jobs, he runs the carpentry shop for Michigan State University's Art Department. Walt also has a passion for building coracles. Coracles are very small one or two man "basket" boats that look like teacups that are missing their handles. Typically they have a frame of wood laths (strips) or small branches, woven together and covered in animal hide or fabric, which is then waterproofed.

The basic shape can be found in various places around the world with differing construction methods. The name coracle came from the British Isles where they are still in limited use. If you want to see pictures of coracles in use (by a couple of mad men), *Small Craft Advisor* magazine will be printing an article about a coracle trip on Indiana's Eel River that Walt and I took a couple of years ago. A desire to build a coracle of my own was germinating.

The problem with building a coracle was that a coracle wasn't what I really needed in a third boat but I still wanted something that resembled a coracle. What I seem to need more was a boat that I could transport long distance on vacation without the trailer that my wife didn't want behind the car when we were sharing driving responsibilities. I started to consider a folding dinghy. The problem with that was I thought the construction skills needed for a folding boat were beyond my skill set or budget.

The solution that made the most sense came from a British company called Wooden Widget who have a whole series of folding boats that combine the competing visions of simplicity found in both instant boats (no complex framing or joinery) and SOF construction (flexible but strong and resilient fabric skin). The Fliptail 6 was close to coracle dimensions, folded flat to fit in my compact SUV or on the top rack for cartopping

Building a Fliptail Folding Dinghy 'Made Easy'

By John Nystrom



Completed boat.

without a full size boat in the wind, and could be set up to sail, row or motor with a very small outboard. I took the plunge and bought the instruction book/plan download through Duckworks BBS.

Construction of a Fliptail dinghy is a bit different. There is no frame or strongback to work off of. I made use of sawhorses to get the work off the ground since I'm not as flexible as I once was, but they aren't strictly necessary. I laid out patterns on paper rather than just measure out the pieces directly onto the wood itself. I also bought a tape measure that was metric, along with inches and feet, since the folks at Wooden Widget are Brits everything is metric. This turned double checking into quadruple checking but it worked out well in the end so don't let that deter you.

I used ash to laminate the "hoops" that make up the gunwales and chines. Due to the depredations of emerald ash borers in the midwest, ash trees have been devastated. Because of this, I had a woodworking friend who had taken down several trees and had seasoned boards ready to go and we could saw and plane them to dimension in his shop. Finding western red cedar in the dimensions called for, and of good quality, in the midwest looked to be undoable until I hit on buying larger boards and cutting them to thickness and sizes required. I had to drive to Indianapolis to get what I wanted. My experience is that big box home improvement stores will have better selection and better quality in metro areas than out in the sticks. My woodworking friend and I had no problems turning a large piece of lumber into the correct sizes. It was more work but the quality of the resulting wood was better than starting with smaller dimension wood.

The stem, keel and transom for the Fliptail are, like the gunwales and chines, laminated together. The transom is supposed to be laminated from four thin cedar pieces epoxied together. I am no fan of epoxy but was advised by Dave Gentry that both cedar and ash could be glued together quite satisfactorily using Titebond 2 or 3. I have used all three versions of Titebond glue on previous projects, including TB2 and TB3 on my previous boats, so felt comfortable with that product. I ran experiments with TB3 and scrap ash laths and the wood always failed before the glue. The other change I made was to laminate the transom from two pieces of thin cedar with a marine plywood core for strength.

While I said a frame or strongback wasn't used to build the stem, keel, tran-

som portion of the boat, a form was needed to laminate the gunwale and chine hoops. I used a very raggedy sheet of used plywood with scrap blocks screwed into position and my entire collection of clamps to laminate the hoops to shape. I was nervous about this step but the instructions made it clear and relatively painless to produce good results.

Speaking of clamps, this was the step where I used homemade clamps (in addition to my real clamps) that were cut from a scrap section of 4" PVC pipe I had on hand. I wish I could remember where I read of making these effective clamps so I could give credit where credit is due. The PVC pipe is cut into 1" to 1½" rings and the rings then cut in one spot. This makes a very effective spring clamp. I couldn't have laminated the hoops without these extra clamps.

Another thing I couldn't source locally was quality marine hardware, with two exceptions. A local marine dealer had a 5' long stainless steel piano hinge in stock. A local metal shop cut six smaller hinges from this stock, which were used to attach the plywood folding floor halves to the keel. The other locally purchased parts were stainless steel screws and hardware to attach the transom to the keel and knee. The hinges to attach the gunwale and chine loops to the stem, keel, transom assembly were Seadog items and came from Fisheries Supply in Seattle, Washington. Probably overkill but I just didn't care for the galvanized fence hinges locally available.

I've used hardware from Seadog (www.sea-dog.com) in my other builds and find their products good quality and reasonably priced, the problem is that their catalog is extensive, they don't sell to consumers so I needed to find a retailer or distributor, locally or online, who has the item I want in stock. Another hard to find item called for in the instructions are Chicago screws, sometimes called sex bolts. I could find them locally in aluminum, but to get them in stainless I had to go to Bolt Depot. com (www.boltdepot.com).

To finish the woodwork I used big box store Minwax Spar Varnish. Is it true marine grade? I don't know but it has worked well for both others and myself in the past, it applies easily and looks good.

The boat's frame is covered in the same sort of material used in tarps used on big trucks or signs and banners. This is not the same as polytarps, like so many of us, me included, have used in sails. This material has a polyester weave with a vinyl coating and is much thicker and tougher than polytarp. My buddy Walt had a big roll of the stuff, gray in color, and he generously gave me half his supply to cover my boat. I had visions of a bright color but free trumps colorful in this case and I have to admit the gray looks better than the white I see on many Fliptail pictures.

Silicone sealant was used between the wood and fabric and between fabric sections that join at the chines. Stainless staples were used to attach the skin and ash wood rub strips cover each seam. I worried about leaks as there are plenty of places for it to leak, but the sealant did its job and all my tests have found that the only water in the boat dripped off my oars or feet.

Final touches include a bow eye and oar locks/sockets that are also Seadog items, but in this case they are nylon hardware that came from Duckworks BBS (<https://www.duckworks.com/product-p/sd-580157-parent.htm>) and that I've used in the past.

Although not traditional, these nylon eyes and rowing hardware are inexpensive, dead tough and corrosion proof. I also made and installed a mast step made of osage orange wood. Installation looked much easier before the boat was covered so I took care of that step as the plan was to build a sailing rig.

As I've said, my tests so far show the boat to be watertight, easy to carry (with handles cut into the floorboards, useable when the boat is folded up) and fun. There is only one problem and that was that, in my desire for a coracle like hull, I built the 6' version (actually 6.5') and I'm just too tall (as in 6'7") for the boat to trim correctly when I row. Fortunately for me, I only have about \$600 in the boat and think I can sell it for what I have in it. The experience, however, is invaluable.

So what to do now? There are longer versions of Fliptail (<https://www.duckworks.com/woodenwidget-s/220.htm>) but another builder has an intriguing solution. I haven't found the builder or poster's names yet, but one builder went and flipped the lines on the form for lamination gunwale and chine hoops, to eliminate the transom and make the boat a double ender. His is 7' but I just might go 8'. What do you think?

(I really do want some opinions, not that I will necessarily follow them but they will be things to think about. My email is johncl11@hotmail.com. I'm advertising my Fliptail 6 back in this issue's Classified Marketplace).



Form for laminating gunwale and chine hoops.

Folding floor halves and stem, keel, transom assembly.



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<http://www.woodenwidget.com>



Folded framework, not yet covered.



Completed frame.



Stem details.



Mast step, floor, stem and keel.



Frame before covering, stern view.

Stern view.



The Coracle

From Wikipedia

The coracle is a small, rounded, lightweight boat of the sort traditionally used in Wales, and also in parts of the West Country, and in Ireland, particularly the River Boyne, and in Scotland, particularly the River Spey. The word is also used for similar boats found in India, Vietnam, Iraq and Tibet. The word coracle is an English spelling of the original Welsh *cwrwgl*, cognate with Irish and Scottish Gaelic *currach* and is recorded in English text as early as the 16th century. Other historical English spellings include *coroughe*, *corracle*, *curricule* and *coricle*.

The structure is made of a framework of split and interwoven willow rods tied with willow bark. The outer layer was originally an animal skin such as horse or bullock hide (*corium*) with a thin layer of tar to waterproof it, today replaced by tarred calico, canvas or fibreglass. The Vietnamese/Asian version of the coracle is made of interwoven bamboo and waterproofed by using resin and coconut oil. Oval in shape and very similar to half a walnut shell, the coracle has a keelless flat bottom to evenly spread the load across the structure and to reduce the required depth of water, often to only a few inches. This makes it ideal for use on rivers.

The Welsh Coracle is intended to be carried on the back, Welsh saying is *Llwyth dyn ei gorwgl* (load of a man is his coracle). Designed for use in swiftly flowing streams, the coracle has been in use in the British Isles for millennia, having been noted by Julius Caesar in his invasion of Britain in the mid first century BC and used in his military campaigns in Spain. Remains interpreted as a possible coracle were found in an Early Bronze Age grave at Barns Farm near Dalgety Bay and others have been described from Corbridge and from near North Ferriby.



Coracles are now seen regularly only in tourist areas of West Wales and irregularly in Shropshire on the River Severn. A public house in Sundorne, Shrewsbury, called "The Coracle" has a pub sign featuring a man using a coracle on a river. The Welsh Rivers Teifi and Tywi are the most common places to find coracles in Wales. On the Teifi they are most frequently seen between Cenarth and Cilgerran and the village of Llechryd.

In 1974, a Welsh coracle piloted by Bernard Thomas (~1923–2014) of Llechryd crossed the English Channel to France in 13½ hours. The journey was undertaken to demonstrate how the Bull Boats of the Mandan Indians of North Dakota could have been copied from coracles introduced by Prince Madog in the 12th century.

Daydreams

Our veteran, duct taped together Rand McNally seemed to have been laid out where I couldn't miss it. This is the same ol' wish-book that has spawned hundreds of Voyages of Discovery over the past couple of decades. In fact, we've splashed around in most of the puddles to the left side of the crease one time or another. This reminded me of something that gets curiouiser and curiouiser alluhtime. That left half is just undeniably BIGGER than the right half.



At least when it comes to dragging a boat from puddle to puddle, the western half is way farther from one place to the next. Those distances from anywhere to anywhere else seem to be increasing every year. This is something they didn't tell us about when we learned about Mercator Projection back in the third grade, just a fact of trailer towing life.

Those slabs of interstate asphalt threading out in at least two quadrants from us here in Almostcanada get busier and more contentious every season. The posted speeds seem to creep up from "furious" to "yougottabekiddin'!?" year by year.

I started tracing familiar lines on the local pages of our RMc. We have been purportedly building a smaller, easier to tow and launch Frankenboat for this upcoming season. I kept returning to old notions of exploring the tributaries of the Tenn-Tom and other enticing patches of blue from Paducah to Mobile and branching out in most radials along the route.

I guess you could say, such a Voyage of Discovery is still "on the table" but, sheesh, the first launch ramp for that particular VoD is 2,740 miles, give or take, one way, from Frankenwerke by the more direct routes we tend to avoid. We decided to get back to work. It just might be a few more days until official Voyaging Season starts, another thing that makes places farther away from other places.

Walkabout Essentials for Sea Trial (Target April 1)

Finish galley/stove, install.

Aft platforms/ladder/motor well leveler platforms.

Miscellaneous wiring projects, as parts come in. Motor transom pad.

Windows. Cockpit storage boxes.

Close up inside transom and bilge.

Seal up drain plug and add bilge pump.

Main door.

Paint bottom/transom/motor well.

Repaint cabin top.

Exterior/interior gingerbread.

Anchors F&A.

Propane tank hookup for heater/stack and smoke cap.

Name & WN# decals.

Patch and paint miscellaneous.

The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers

Additional deck cleats.

Patch side decks from vents, etc.

Trailer preps/tires (borrow from MK).

Remount boat on trailer/mount engine/test.

We all need an objective to be moving toward and just about front row center for me, now that relearning to walk, bend my knee and chew gum all at the same time is well along, is getting our latest Frankencreation onto her new trailer (for the first time) and off to a launch ramp for a bit of sea trial.

So tonight, as I was crossing stuff off the ol' TODO list, I couldn't help but notice that the list has shrunk to about a single spaced page of items. I even penciled in near term projected accomplishment dates for some of the earlier priorities. Stuff like "120vac wiring and devices" had already been erased. "Finish mounting replacement steaming light" and "wire for battery charger" fell to the floor by quittin' time tonight.

That Big Bad List is just melting awaaaaay. I'm thinking, if I can just stick to the plan. Well, stranger things have happened...

Wiring

I've been wiring boats for eons, most of the time a simple direct current circuit remains simple, predictable. I spent much of yesterday stringing a couple hundred feet of wire and fooling around with a couple really heavy batteries. It was all pretty disciplined, by Frankenbuilding standards anyway. The initial planning was done by the tried and true "masking tape and marker" method, then run the wires to make it work.



Somehow, this only 18' pocket cruiser has a need for nearly a dozen circuits so far. I tried mightily to stuff about 10lbs of wire into a 5lb hidey hole. Well, the door closes and a few of the just connected lights seem like they'll even illuminate on demand. Now might even get the batteries snugged down into a battery box, maybe even one with a lid. Still thinking about getting this little spit kit into the water and going someplace. Maybe soon.



Snow Day

Well, our "Early Voyaging Season" just took a major hit below the boot top. By zero seven we already were using one plow to bail out the other. Don't guess this will be a good week for a sea trial.



But we did get some stuff done with a galley face frame and doors mockup, even got some of our proprietary antique finish slopped around. The two stern platform/bumpers/wunderwhuts have been filled up with styro the rest of the way and the tops were on. We just might be out there in a while to get the corners rounded off and some pox and biax slathered around. Maybe something will come of this Snow Day we're having.



But hey, it's only Tuesday, just seven more working days until Tuesday. I'd like to think we'll have some stuff mojo'd together by then.

I Don't Wrap Packages Well

These are the bottom sides of the stern platform/bumper/extension/float thingies. They are rounded over, internally braced, packed with impact absorbing (and water displacing) Styrofoam, edge sealed against water intrusion and now edge armored against hitting "stuff." I used copious amounts of quick-cure Silvertip 'pox and some of that gawaw-fulexpensive biaxial 6" tape.



Even when I measure and cut all (well, most) of the strips of tape (both the heavy stuff and the lighter "sealing" stuff) beforehand, I still seem to forget which way the "other one" got folded and mitered and pulled. I simply don't wrap packages well, especially when wearing rubber gloves. I actually got some stuff that looks pretty good, almost, sorta, together. Might even work "as designed."

But for now I've gotta put this stuff back on.



And go deal with some more of this stuff.



End of the 'Pox

Today was the end of the 'pox and one more seam remaining to reinforce and seal. Not unlike the Catacombs, this is the underside of the starboard flotation/bumper/swim step. I've been fretting on how I was gonna get down onto NO good knees, holding wet out pieces of biaxial cloth, roll onto one side, fold the cloth and attach it at arm's length and form it to a semi visible crevice and not get it draped on my head in the process. Once it all

had finally been glopped and glombed into place, the whole process had to be repeated on the port side. And this would have been a LOUSY time to run out of 'pox.

Those rather innocuous boxes, thrusting rearward, are heavily adhesed, significantly sheathed and substantially glassed into the rear end of *Walkabout*. We'll let 'er cook for a while, smooth it off and paint. The roundee over bumper parts are on order.



A Chance for a Hat Trick

Sometimes we get lucky. Sometimes weather and schedules and plans all "work out." This coming summer has the makings of a three (maybe four) for the price of one, an opportunity that just might not come again. Here's how this could all work out.

Signups for the upcoming Salish 100 cruise from Olympia to Port Townsend are already rolling at a fevered pitch. Lots of boats are already committing for this trip scheduled for the tag end of June (22-28). That puts a flock of boats in Port Townsend just a month too early for the Next Big Thing.

The PTPY/TSCA Pocket Yacht Palooza comes in July, another five day event give or take. Here's where the hat trick could come in. The annual gathering at Sucia comes the weekend after the Fourth of July. That gives plenty of time to mosey on up from Port Townsend and spend a few days with our buddies from north of the border. And the obvious? Yep, it's still not time to show up back in Port Townsend.

But, there IS time for a two to three week romp up north. Desolation, or maybe farther? This just requires a shift from the inevitable encroachments of "island time" to mosey on back to PT in time for the boat show and follow on cruise. Maybe you've already thought of this. Maybe you are looking for a buddy boat for such an expedition. Well, maybe you've found one.

At the moment, what is coming together in my shop is the boat I intend to bring to the Salish 100 and Palooza and Sucia and on up north. Her name is *Walkabout*. She'll be running at about 5-7 knots with a modest four stroke outboard. Her bigger sister has already been making trips like this for the past three years, including the Palooza gatherings and other events far and wide, perhaps 15,000 miles by trailer over several summers.

Maybe you've seen us here or there. I've been doing cruises like the one I'm talking about for decades. I'll also admit to being somewhat older than I was a while back. None of us ever get to know how many more of these opportunities might come our way.

Maybe you'd like to join in this low demand but potentially fantastic between the events excursion. I'd welcome some cruise alongside company. Heck, you've even still got time to build a boat for the trip.

After the “Garnch, garnch, garnch” episode (below for quick reference is a picture of the item accessed by some of the members of the Searsport Rodent population during that incident), things went fairly smoothly with the exception of a few of those typical winter incidents which tend to pop up this time of year and which do have a tendency to interrupt the flow of a project.



Meanwhile, here I am, back to finishing up the frames for the aft section. While finishing these, I figured I would follow up on my statement of intent to provide sketches, photos, etc, of the proposed hardware and systems to make *Dancing Chicken* actually work. Here is a computer simulation I put together in Microsoft Paint showing what the profile view of the two hull halves will look like when they are joined.



On this next one I've added a simulation of a couple of brass strips on the outside to help hold the two halves together. I've also added some hook and eye door fasteners (image from rakminimarket.co/screen-door-hook-latch/ and, hmmm, maybe there be some of those or something on the inside as well).



There are, of course, several ideas that might work. These are a couple of the ideas I got from that video I mentioned in Part XXIII “The Boy Mechanic Project: Portable Folding Boat...” (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O18t_w ▶ 4:59 Jan 27, 2008 uploaded by Gina Siepel):

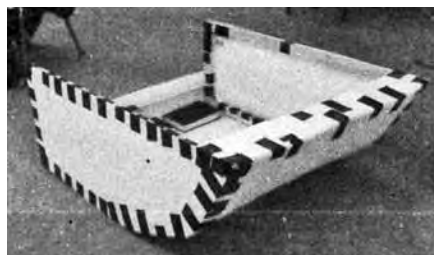
What she needs next is a bow member and, hmmm, I guess essentially four transoms, one each for the juncture point between the two halves and one for the stern or “functional equivalent(s) thereof.” This is because, at this point, she has none of the above. The test run that she just got through, where she went with me to church, folded up in the back seat of the cab, she very gratifyingly and thankfully accomplished successfully

Dancing Chicken

A MiniSaga in (?) Parts Part XXIV

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without any conventional iteration of the above. This can be at least partially seen in that picture of *Dancing Chicken* (or the forward section thereof) taken at the back of the auditorium of Christ the King Church in Belfast (picture below from Part XXI). Here's a shot of that section folded, showing how she arrived and left.



This was, I guess you could say, essentially the largest and most comprehensive of those “three dimensional rough sketches” that I have submitted to date.



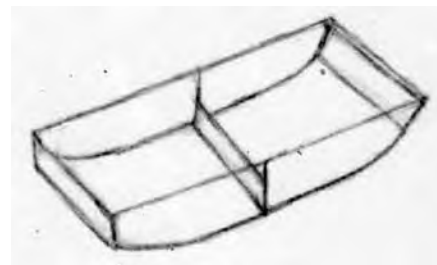
I am, of course, surprised and delighted at how rigid and cohesive she managed to be just with what I went with for that test (which I ran at that point mostly because I wanted, for one thing, to be sure everything would actually work as designed before I went any further). Also, the next test may be an in the water test so I guess the abovementioned

structures are the next things I'd better plan to improvise.

While “hands on” seems to be how I generally work the best, I do have some ideas of what might work based on what did work during that last home to cab to church test.

Below is a rough sketch of *Dancing Chicken's* basic hull. All the crosswise lines represent straight pieces to be inserted between the frames. They are designed to fit snugly, as did the one or two of these that I did insert in that way when I took her with me to church. When I do the in the water test these crosswise pieces will probably also have some sort of device such as latches to prevent them from popping out of where I have inserted them. Obviously, just because they stayed put

at the rear of a church auditorium doesn't necessarily mean that they will continue to do so out on the water while the boat is in the process of being rowed or sailed.



At the juncture of the two halves I'm still working on something that will act more or less like a clamp and which will click into place and hold the two sections securely. I figure that all this will become clearer to me after I get all of the frames totally finished and get hands on joining them. While I may use those brass strips or something similar, as in the simulation, most if not all of the pieces I use to join and reinforce the hull may be of wood, in fact, the same wood of which the frames are already constructed, namely laths. These are amazingly versatile, not to mention fun to work with.

The building system has as one of its advantages a factor that I was perceiving as a disadvantage a couple or so episodes back. This is the fact that because of the nature of the layering system I am ending up with so many pieces, almost like putting together a puzzle. The advantage, however, is that if anything drastic happens to any of the pieces it can be fairly easily replaced with another piece. Thankfully, this hasn't happened yet to any major degree, but it is nice to know.

There is obviously more work to be done before the design is finalized, but these are ideas which I have come up with based on what has worked so far and on what is obvious that she needs to have next in order to be able to continue to do that. At the moment, however, I guess that's pretty much it so far.

Meanwhile, do we see the progress I have made, the things I have learned in the process and the weather perhaps becoming more and more favorable for my being able to implement these factors, hopefully combining to help hasten the moment when *Dancing Chicken* fulfills her destiny?

We shall see.



Richard Thompson's new Scamp is a little too small for him and Jean Marie. He's a big guy, probably 6'4".



Here it is at Cedar Key last year before it got its motor and boarding ladder. This is the only time it was in the water for a sail.



How the rig looks with mast lowered on its tabernacle. Just pull a bolt and the whole thing folds down onto its crutch. I've been using this same this same design on my *Laylah* for eight years with no problems at all and you know how I beat the hell out of poor ol' *Laylah* boat. All lines stay in place ready to raise back up next time, it's fully rigged and ready to go in about five minutes. This is its first new trailer before it got the fancy new one that you can walk around on.



From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

Super Scamp For Sale

By Dave Lucas

Here's the new trailer, makes it a lot easier to launch and recover. This trailer is three steps up from the basic little ones that you usually see for boats this small. It came with big 14" wheels. He wanted it to be lower so he put 12" wheels on. Still has the big ones.



Notice how clean the cabin top is, all lines go through to turning blocks and out the back to cam cleats under the top.



It has a crutch made from purple heart that pulls out of its fancy slot when sailing. I personally varnished the beautiful purple heart tiller for him.



Brand new motor (has about two hours run time) and ladder.



Yes, this boat came out of our shop. The hull was built on the same jig that was used for Lonnie's boat.

Here's his number to call or text: 941-447-9714.



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Gaff Rig For *Octavia*, a VOYAGER 14,

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

by David Platten

When I bought my 50 year-old Voyager 14 – now called *Octavia*, as being my 8th boat – it was partly out of nostalgia; I had owned one briefly in the 1970s and always regretted having to sell her to resolve a cashflow problem. It was also because I wanted something more comfortable for my old bones to cruise in than my previous, Oughtred-designed Whillyboat, but which would sail as well and look more attractive than the majority of microyachts that try to squeeze a quart's worth of accommodation into a pint-sized hull. With a few modifications, the Voyager 14 fits that brief very well.

It was a very clever design, though, unfortunately, rather badly built, at least by today's standards, so I fully expected this to be a substantial restoration and development project. Four years and about 700 hours of work later, I think we're just about there!

The bulk of the work was all fairly conventional: strengthening the almost non-existent bond between hull and deck, new brightwork including rubbing strips and hatch covers, replacing corroded keel bolts, beefing up thin spots in the mouldings with extra layers of glass cloth and epoxy, new bulkheads, watertight buoyancy tanks in the forepeak and under the aft ends of the cockpit sole and benches, with access through Barton hatch covers, and a complete re-design of the interior fit-out. She now has a full-width, 6ft. long cabin sole, well-supported on plywood floors that span the width and height of the bilges, with no attempt to fit raised bunks, galley, chart table, or any of the impractical cubby-holes beloved of (some) yacht designers.

The cabin is effectively an empty, rigid tent, albeit with a carpeted floor! Actually, the carpet is made from warm red, waterproof, hard wearing synthetic fibre doormat. I

Octavia reaching



just cut pieces to shape and stuck them down to the sole boards with spray-on contact adhesive. With white, anti-condensation paint on the inside of the hull and deckhead, and a couple of Thermarest mattresses under the sleeping bags, the cabin is welcoming and comfortable. The spaces under the forward ends of the cockpit seats provide stowage for spare clothing, a plastic box containing galley equipment, and a coolbag containing the victuals.

A small Portapotti sits under the fore hatch, strapped to the forepeak bulkhead, its filled, flushing water tank providing 10 Kgs. of trimming ballast (we won't talk about the contents of the holding tank by the end of a cruise!) An 65Ah leisure battery occupies a watertight compartment forward of that bulkhead, providing further trimming ballast as well as power for a NASA depth sounder, USB charger sockets for phone and tablet, and the electric bilge pump, which I haven't fitted yet, while still leaving plenty of volume in the buoyancy tank. Above the lid of that tank, there's a 250mm high space just large enough to stow a mini inflatable tender (deflated)

and electric air-pump, a couple of spare sails and the folded cockpit canopy. What more could you need?

Well, there are some details which have aroused comment, and which might be of interest to DCA sailors: in particular, the rig.

Back in the 70s, I found the original Voyager sail plan, comprising a 57 sq. ft. Bermudan main and 23 sq. ft. jib, on a 16 ft. mast, to be unbalanced with heavy weather helm, and under-canvassed anyway. At that time, I fitted a bowsprit and extra jib, turning her into a cutter. My current Voyager came with a 21ft mast – not the original – and a motley collection of sails, some of which just about fitted once I'd chopped six feet off the top of the mast, but didn't give me the 100 sq.ft. of sail area that I feel the boat needs. I started by treating her to a 40 sq. ft. jib on a flexible reefing spar, from Hellyar Innovation, and a 60 sq. ft. sliding-gunter mainsail – a spare which I'd retained after selling the Whillyboat – on the now 15 ft. mast (which is as long as I can stow in my garage). It balanced perfectly, with just a touch of weather even in light airs,

Octavia broad-reaching



while driving the boat well and – important, this – looking good! But that yard, at nearly 12 ft. long, was a pain to manhandle, needing two halyards and twin topping lifts just to keep it under control on the way up; even more so on the way down. So obviously, I needed a different sort of sail.

The eagle-eyed among you will have noted from the photos that what *Octavia* now has is a gaff rig, but one that doesn't look exactly typical; more like a conventional Bermudan sail with the top chopped off. It is actually closely based on a Wharrham wingsail, as set on his Tiki catamarans. Looking for ideas, I'd found an article on the Web about the Tiki 21, which included a clear diagram of the sail plan, and the mental light bulb lit



Octavia halyard system

up: this, I thought, would work, providing plenty of drive but keeping the centre of effort where I wanted it. I also read that, at Wharrham's insistence, these sails are cut completely flat – no broad seams, battened roach, or luff round – which I thought would make it easy enough to construct at home. I printed out the diagram, played around with the scale, to make it fit my mast, and bought a polytarp from Amazon! Good quality polytarp, to be sure – 180g./sq.m. – and a pleasing shade of off-white that doesn't clash too badly with my cream jib.

I had hoped to cut it out in one piece, but the tarp turned out to be a bit smaller than advertised (suitably critical review submitted to Amazon) and I had to fit an extra piece at the head, cut from the spare material. The seams and tabling are stuck with double-sided tape before stitching on my domestic sewing machine. In fact, they're only partly sewn: the machine couldn't cope with multiple layers of fabric and carpet tape around the corner patches, but the taped-only bits seem to be holding together all right.

Instead of a bolt rope on the luff, I fitted brass Hipkiss eyelets, readily available, with setting tool, from hardware stores, and nylon sail slides. I had intended to seize these in place with whipping twine but, impatient to try the sail out, I quickly attached them with nylon cable ties. They work so well I shan't bother replacing them.

With the sail being flat cut, it's essential to have a clew outhaul that is easily adjustable while sailing, as you find yourself trimming it almost as often as the sheets, to get the appropriate draft in the loose-footed sail to suit wind speed and direction.

The boom that came with the boat was almost as thick as a telegraph pole – I exaggerate, but not by much – so I bought a length of 64 x 38mm CLS from the local builders' merchant, sanded it a bit, shaped the ends a bit, screwed some stainless steel sheet (ex-commercial catering kitchen worktop) reinforcement patches on the ends, and painted it with silver Hammerite.

I also let a 600mm length of aluminium mast track into the top face. The sail clew attaches with a carbine hook to a simple slider in the track – just a standard screw-down eyeplate that happens to fit – and the 4mm Dyneema line which attaches to that leads back to a micro cheek block at the clew end, then forward to a jamming cleat on the boom, located nearer the mast.

The short gaff is just a one-metre length of 50 x 25mm roof-tile batten, also painted silver, but where it gets clever is really down to the ingenuity of John Perry, our SW region

co-ordinator, whose idea I copied. John sails with a gunter rig on an aluminium mast with luff groove, like mine, that wouldn't take kindly to conventional gaff jaws, so he devised a special fitting that is essentially a sliding gooseneck. My take on it consists of a 150mm length of 50mm polyester webbing (my wife hasn't noticed that our car seat belts are a few inches shorter than they used to be) which was folded double around the shank of a 50mm M6 stainless steel machine screw, with its head cut off. The portion of tape around the screw was bedded onto epoxy and clamped tightly, care being taken to ensure that there was enough epoxy to impregnate the tape without bleeding into the remaining 65mm length of double-thickness tape. The 15mm of tape nearest what was now an over-length sail luff slide was kept free of epoxy with some judicious application of Vaseline, and the remaining 50mm well-impregnated with more epoxy and clamped together in a vice, sandwiched between two layers of plastic milk bottle to stop it sticking to the vice jaws.

Once fully cured, that end could be rounded over and slid into a 3mm wide slot cut into the end of the gaff. A 10mm hole was drilled through the assembly from side to side and bushed with a piece of stainless steel tube – a fitting salvaged from the surplus length of mast – that was belled out over stainless steel sheet washers (more of that kitchen worktop) that also serve to reinforce the end of the gaff. The tube provides an attachment point for the throat of the sail, and a short rope strop threaded through it takes the end of the halyard.

Which brings us to that halyard – singular, despite this being a gaff rig. Further developing John Perry's idea, I fashioned a traveller similar to the gaff gooseneck but with the outer end sandwiched between two 50 x 25 x 4mm layers of Tufnol, cut from some scrap that I've been hoarding for 35 years. The top end of this pad is fitted with a block and the internally-rove halyard runs down from

a masthead sheave box, round the block and back up to a strongpoint fitted to the mast just below the sheave. The 2:1 purchase thus achieved makes it easy even for my 11 year-old grandson to hoist the sail. The bottom end of the traveller pad is linked to the throat end of the gaff with a short strop and carbine hook. A second, slightly longer strop, with a tent-guyline-type tension adjuster fitted into it – also cut from the scrap tufnol – clips onto a strongpoint near the peak end of the gaff. The tension adjuster allows for some pre-determined fullness to be set in the head of the sail by slightly altering the angle of the gaff. In the half-dozen outings it's had, I've been very impressed with this rig's performance. I can get hull speed in 7 knots of breeze; balance is as good or better than the gunter rig, and reefing when the wind tops 10 knots is a doddle. I made a simple gizmo to make roller reefing the mainsail easier. A little, removable, C-shaped Tufnol clip fits onto the square shoulders of the gooseneck, allowing the boom to rotate easily on the pin while the clew is supported by the topping lift, as I wind up the foot of the sail round the boom by hand in the time-honoured dinghy fashion. Because the boom is toed up from tack to clew by about 300mm, the tack end shows no inclination to slip off the pin while rotating. Although Rob Hellyar, when supplying the



jib reefing spar, suggested that I buy a high-load top swivel to cope with the 3:1 purchase on the jib halyard, needed to tension the spar sufficiently, I have found the cheaper, plain-bearing Barton top swivel perfectly adequate – and the flexible spar has the advantage that it can be removed, coiled up with the furled sail round it and stowed in the cabin for transit. Not that I bother! I just lash the furled jib alongside the lowered mast when the boat's on the road trailer.

I don't expect the polytarp mainsail to last very long, but as an experimental prototype it has already served its purpose, at a cost of less than £35. I've now commissioned our local sailmaker to build me one out of the proper cloth. He's agreed, but I have to take him out for a trial sail with the prototype first, to convince him that it works! DP

I get to do and see some cool things with my job. My guys were doing some hydrographic surveys in the Bay recently and were able to pick this up with the side scan sonar. Here is the back story:



**Schooner Sinks; 4 Lost
Run Down in Chesapeake Bay
by Merchant and Miners' Liner**

Baltimore, Maryland, March 16, 1912.

Four lives were lost at 4:30 o'clock this morning off Thomas Point in Chesapeake Bay, when the schooner, *Herbert D. Maxwell* was cut down and sunk by the steamer *Gloucester* of the Merchants and Miners Transportation Company.

The dead are J.C. Cott of New York, mate of the *Maxwell*, a colored cook from New York, unidentified, two colored sailors, shipped here and believed to be from New York.

Capt William J. Quillan, who also owned the schooner, his brother, Elay and

Story from the Past

By Kevin Brennan
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the Delaware River
Chapter TSCA

four sailors were saved by the crew of the *Gloucester* after they had floated around for half an hour on pieces of wreckage. The *Maxwell* did not sink until several minutes after the collision and some of the men were taken off her by the crew of the Merchants and Miners steamer. The *Gloucester* was bound for this port from Boston with cargo and passengers. The *Gloucester* was not badly damaged by the collision.

The *Maxwell* was bound from this port for Wilmington, North Carolina, with a cargo of fertilizer. It was said the collision was the direct result of an effort on the part of the *Maxwell* to cut across the bows of the *Gloucester*, her helmsman believing that he had plenty of room as he was carrying a sailful of wind at the time. There was evidently a miscalculation and, as it was impossible for the *Gloucester* to swerve fast enough, the big iron coaster caught the little schooner almost amidships.

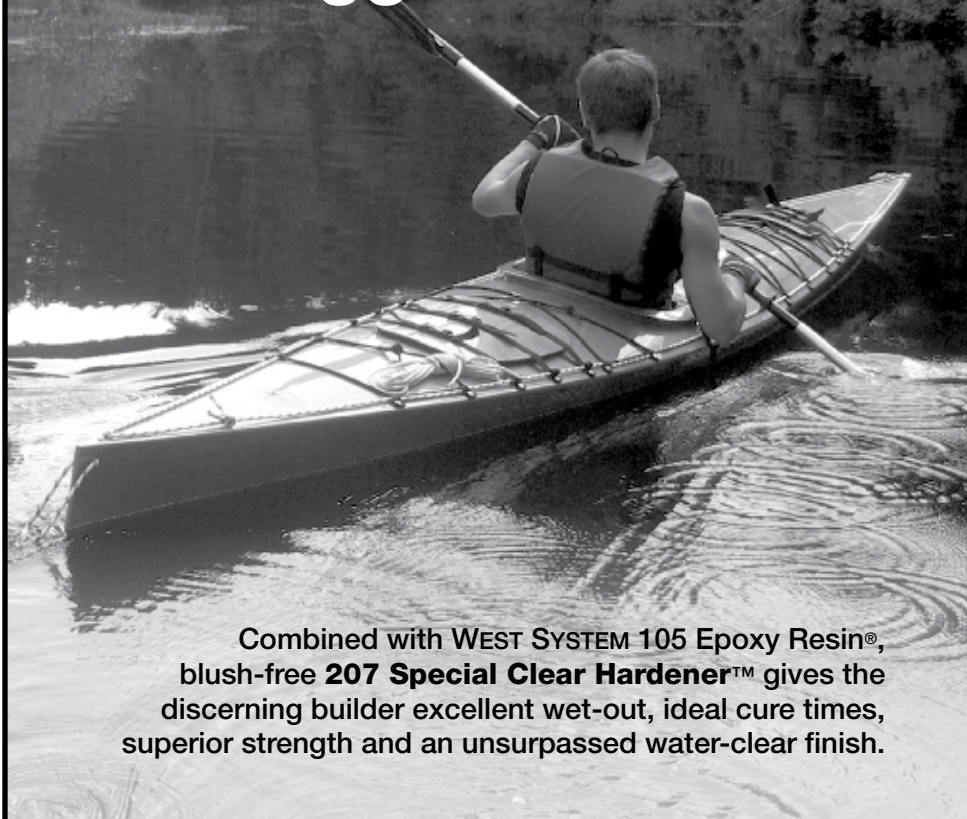
It was still dark when the collision occurred but it is admitted that both vessels carried their full complement of lights. Only a few were on duty were on the deck of the *Gloucester* and most of these did not witness the collision. With the grinding and crash of wood as the vessels swung together the *Gloucester* awoke to life. She

had passed on beyond the stricken schooner and, while attempts were being made in the engine room to stop the big liner as soon as possible, her helmsmen bore in a circle around the stricken schooner and boats were ordered lowered at once.

Willing arms fairly made the lifeboats spring through the waters and in a short time the bulk of the *Maxwell* hove in sight. The survivors of the collision were calling frantically that the schooner was sinking under them. Two members of the crew were seen perched in the rigging and were taken off. Clinging to a poop deck that had floated away from the wreckage were Capt Quillan and his brother. Then a few minutes later another of the men was found floating near the wreck on a spar. Of the nine members of the crew those five were all that could be found and it is believed that the others were either killed by the collision or were drowned instantly.



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The Oldest Tug in the Coast Guard

By Joe Reisner



The 50' Great Lakes harbor tug "Wilhelm Baum" and her regular three-man crew have a combined age of 261 years. The tug is the oldest of the four.

The "Wilhelm Baum" was launched in Baltimore in 1923 and hauled by train to Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan, for service with the United States Army Corps of Engineers at the Soo Locks. Originally christened "Captain Canfield", the tug worked with a derrick boat and sweep raft, maintaining the piers and roadsteads in and out of the locks. She plodded along at this unromantic but highly important job through the Depression, when the locks saw little traffic, through World War II when they were carrying vital loads of iron ore, and in the boom years following when steady streams of ships moved through the locks. Then, in the sixties, the tug was declared surplus by an ungrateful government and put up for sale.

The "Captain Canfield" was sold to a marine contractor from the lower part of Lake Michigan, who changed her name to "Julie Dee". She went to work moving barges and cranes around construction sites and in the other little tasks common in the life of small tugboats, until her owner, superstitiously believing she was jinxed after a fatal accident involving two divers, ran her up on a mudbank and walked away.

Jim Bradley, a professional diver and self-avowed tugboat nut, heard about the sad state of the "Julie Dee" and went up to her resting place to give her a look. He came back her owner.

A highly skilled craftsman, Jim set about getting the tug back in condition to move her down the lake to his home port, South Haven. Aside from her engine, which was in pieces on the engine room floor and with only one of four cylinders intact, "Julie Dee" was in basically good shape. Her riveted iron hull had lived all of its life in fresh water, the most benign of all environments for any metal in marine service, and had never suffered any major damage beyond the infusion of silt and garbage from the mud flats. And so, Jim sorted out the parts, bolted the engine back together, renamed the boat "Wilhelm

Baum" after his late diving partner, and headed home under power to South Haven.

The "Wilhelm Baum" came to South Haven in 1973. Three years later, both Jim Bradley and the tug joined the United States Coast Guard Auxiliary, he after qualifying as a Vessel Operator, she as an Operational Facility. Like the government at large, the Coast Guard will always find the longest path to simple definitions.

When she was built, the tug had a three-cylinder, 45 hp Kahlenberg engine. This was replaced in 1944 by a four-cylinder plant of the same make but rated at 70 hp. But you wouldn't want to challenge the "Wilhelm Baum" to a tug-of-war with your 300-horsepower Merkomoronic outboard. These horses, as the late Weston Farmer used to say, were Percherons. The 14,000 pound engine turns a 35" diameter propeller to produce immense static thrust at a flat-out speed of less than 10 knots and 310 maximum rpms.

The Kahlenberg Brothers, of Two Rivers, Wisconsin, may have been responsible for ending the age of steam on the Great Lakes. Their engines were installed in every sort of vessel from fish tugs to yachts, burning many kinds of oil (the "Wilhelm Baum" does fine on home heating fuel). Low-compression Kahlenbergs rely on red-hot cylinder heads to ignite oil/air mixtures injected under pressure. A cold engine is pre-heated by cylinder head blowtorches, then turned over by compressed air. Once running, a Kahlenberg is considered unstoppable by anything less than total immersion.

The "Wilhelm Baum's" original and replacement engines were installed with a clutch and reduction gear, and were also set up with standard start-stop-reverse controls on the engines. Kahlenberg engines are two-cycle and capable of being run in either direction. On the "Wilhelm Baum", a clutch/gear control is mounted in the pilothouse, along with a Chadbourne which is connected to the engine's throttle but also still provides a chain linkage to an engine room telegraph (in case an engineer were to be employed for some reason. Maybe to give gainful employment to a relative, or something).

Today, Jim uses the engine room telegraph bell to signal the crew on the afterdeck. Because the exhaust stack, Coast Guard portable pump, hawser reel and miscellaneous emergency gear completely block the view between the pilothouse and the fantail, the crew on duty during towing operations communicates by intercom as the skipper responds with the bell and an occasional shriek on the tug's high-pitched whistle.

In her hull design, the old tug is a classic displacement vessel: Long (50') slim (10' abeam) and deep (5' 6" draft) with sweeping sheer from a very low afterdeck (ideal working height) to a high plumb stem. Although the original "Captain Canfield" was commissioned by the Corps of Engineers for a specific kind of work, the boat is actually a classic Great Lakes harbor tug of the sort that became the workhorse alongshore from the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825 until the end of the age of sail 100 years later.

Because most Great Lakes harbors are river mouths and very narrow, cargo sloops and schooners had to stand off until tugs could come out into the lakes to tow them in and snug them into their berths. But while they were designed for this particular sheltered-water service, the "Wilhelm Baum" and her forebears turned out to be exceptionally seaworthy craft in what may be the nastiest environment any boat has been required to work.

When he brought her back to Bristol condition, Jim Bradley refit where necessary and repainted and varnished everywhere else inboard and outboard of the "Wilhelm Baum". The deckhouse is mild steel and required little more than fresh paint. The white oak pilothouse is painted about halfway above the deck and then varnished. Just aft of the pilothouse, Jim turned an unused space into a warm, cherry and pine paneled cabin with a small galley and a settee that converts into two berths, a much appreciated crew comfort and an essential part of the "Wilhelm Baum's" lifesaving function.

A major alteration to the pilothouse was made by removing the tug's original square windows and replacing them with

very heavy round ports which are able to stand the frightful smashing from headseas the "Wilhelm Baum" routinely encounters. With her two pilothouse doors secured and her stern companionway and hatch dogged down, the "Wilhelm Baum" can, and regularly does, venture out in the most horrible weather and sea conditions Lake Michigan's easily offended spirits can throw at her.

At her permanent dock alongside the Michigan Maritime Museum at South Haven, the "Wilhelm Baum" on a sunny summer day looks like a pretty little piece of floating whimsy. But don't let the bright red paint and the shiny brassard and the glistening varnish fool you. When the Coast Guard radio station calls in a "case", the "Wilhelm Baum" is all business. Jim uses a set of 12-volt battery-powered electric coils to heat up the cylinder heads. The cold engine can be running within four minutes; less time than the gasoline engines of the rest of the local Coast Guard Auxiliary fleet need to exhaust their fumes and get underway.

A member of Division 18 of the Coast Guard's 9th Central District, the tug is one of about two dozen Auxiliary boats responsible for 1600 square miles of Lake Michigan. South Haven is one of the most popular pleasure boat ports on the lakes and one of the most congested. The entire Coast Guard presence at the port, however, is an all-volunteer Auxiliary search and rescue detachment. Two boats are pre-assigned for duty each weekend of the operational season, usually early May through September, and the "Wilhelm Baum" takes her turn on the schedule. But in between, 24 hours of each weekday, the tug and one other locally-based trailerable boat answer all of the calls. The nearest regular Coast Guard station is at St. Joseph, a considerable run down the lake.

In her years of service, the "Wilhelm Baum", skippered on each run by Jim Bradley, has responded to over 500 calls for help and has been responsible for saving six lives. Jim and senior crewman Leon Sowell carry pagers for the South Haven 911 center where the Coast Guard can call in requests for assistance. The second scheduled crewman, this writer, lives too far away to answer emergency calls, but there are other Coast Guard Auxiliary-qualified crew people who can be called when the pagers beep.

When she goes out, the "Wilhelm Baum" expects the worst, and carries the gear to deal with virtually any kind of trouble: Vessels sinking, vessels on fire, people in the water (cold water!), vessels foundering, people sick or injured, and vessels whose operators simply forgot to fill the fuel tank. Where human injuries are involved, a highly professional medicine chest in the hands of crewman Sowell, who retired after a long career in the navy as a medical corpsman, comes into use. If it's a fire, in the open water or in the harbor, the "Wilhelm Baum" has pumps and hoses to direct high-pressure blasts of water through a monitor or hand-held nozzles. The pumping system even provides nozzle and connector compatibility with shore equipment, including the local fire department apparatus, so that the tug can feed water to its own hoses and those of land-based fire equipment as well.



"Wilhelm Baum" gets underway on a rescue mission in a 30 knot gale.

A great deal of the "Wilhelm Baum's" work is in search and rescue, as opposed to routine patrols and responses to calls for help from vessels in known positions. The tug has been out for as long as 18 hours, running a search pattern in conjunction with other boats and aircraft. While her speed keeps her on a search course longer than a high-speed vessel, the "Wilhelm Baum" compensates with a highly sophisticated electronics array to locate vessels and even people in the water. She carries two Loran C's, two marine radios with direction finders, and a state-of-the-art radar that scans out to 64 nautical miles. The tug also carries a CB radio, fathometer and EPIRB receiver. And for the rare occasions when the search goes submarine, there's a side-scan sonar and underwater TV.

Jim Bradley preheating the Kahlenberg diesel.



The "Wilhelm Baum's" 25-ton dry weight taxes local haulout facilities, and so she's in the water 365 days a year for three years at a time. Her massive iron hull plating has held fast against more than 70 winters of ice without any loss of structural integrity. Fresh water, along with being kind to metal, is also inhospitable to the things that foul salt-water hulls and drill holes in them. And so, barring any unforeseen (and hard to visualize) disasters, the grand old lady of Division 18 can look forward to a long continuation of life, hauling in the disabled, going out to aid the endangered, and delighting the righteous who think there is no poem lovelier than an old tugboat.

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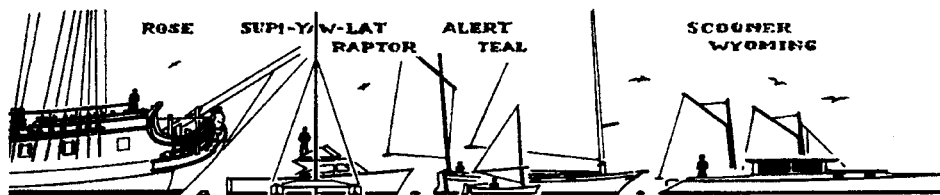


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This may well be the last in this series of powerboat studies on the same 31' long hull. They have all been so called displacement speed craft, meaning that whether lightly or heavily loaded they will never be able to exceed 7 knots by much, no matter what horsepower.

We've looked at water cooled gasoline larger prop outboards to some 50hp max rating, intended to be run continuously on likely more like 35-40hp. We've looked at likely the lightest but also cheapest powerplant with that 25hp V-2 air cooled utility engine which, however, would always require some sort of gearbox and preferably an electric clutch to avoid eventually doing the uglies to reduction and sail drive gears. Finally, a two cylinder industrial Diesel has been featured as the most heavy duty engine here at some 500lbs, a very conservative approach with the longest projected life expectancy of these three machines, tuned to run at 3000rpm maximum for continuous duty output of some 30hp, along with the highest torque rating, but also requiring an additional clutch and reverse gear.

For this final powerboat study, that 30hp two cylinder oil/air cooled Diesel is proposed to drive this longer range cruiser for greatest combustion efficiency and reliability. Assuming at least 200 gallons of Diesel fuel in two long, narrow and tallish tanks under the raised amidships settee, she should be able to cover likely 1500nm, if not more at best efficiency with a perfectly dialed in reduction ratio and propeller combination.

A reliable 1500nm actually opens up more than is assumed at first glance. Fooling around with a globe or Google Earth we may find, that leaving New England, going northeast deep into the Canadian maritime provinces, would allow jumping to southwestern Greenland, then around to southeastern Greenland, from there to Iceland, the Faroes, Shetlands, Orkneys, until we hit mainland Scotland, or Norway, in a word Europe, typically not running anything like this maximum of 1500nm between landfalls. At 6 knots, 1500nm would mean 250hrs of continuous running or 10.5 days between provisioning. Options, opportunities, dreams perhaps with this still trailerable 31' hull.

We'll remember that her plywood/epoxy/foam/fiberglass construction should make her harder to sink and more comforting yet if additional foam volumes are built into her as referred to in earlier installments on this hull. Suddenly a late model radar set with a big screen, together with forward looking sonar, lots of coffee for those tense miles and a reliable partner aboard should make collisions with growlers, if not icebergs, never mind boats and ships much less of a concern on this northern route.

By now we are familiar with the hull and leveraging the cruiser layout from the February issue, here that house layout is moved aft the better part of 2'. This gets the 1,200+lbs fuel weight more amidships, the helm away

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #534 in *MAIB* Two Some Longer Range Power Cruiser Study 30'8"x7'8"x2'1"x30hp

from her bow for better motion and to lighten her bow a fair bit before adding back some weights via much longer rode and chain for her brakes, the bulky but none too heavy sea anchor/drogue and to spread around her provisions for which there is now not much less space left under that raised settee. Of course, fully fueled up she'll be some over the waterline shown here, something to be looked at closer when this study matures towards a completed design.

With that house further aft, her cockpit has gotten that much shorter, further reduced in its footprint by that two cylinder Diesel to port just outside the house door. Across all its two, three and four cylinder blocks, this particular engine family (DEUTZ 2011) has located filters, fuel pumps, etc on the engine's left side looking aft. Only the starter motor assembly and exhaust and intake manifolds are on the other side, all items typically not routine maintenance items. The point is to periodically get on our knees and tend to that machine's more sensitive vitals without upside down gymnastics with hands and arms too close to hot cast iron bits. And if we are concerned about that starter, don't stop the engine between leaving port and arriving at the next one. Of course, we could still get at it at sea, just with more cursing than joy.

Air cooled and dry exhausted up over her roof, this industrial powerplant would seem a bit rough to live with inside her house. Even outside back we'd want to add soft mounts to really reduce the decibels transmitted through the hull structure with a flex section for its modest exhaust pipe, actually pretty much the routine setup we know from our car. More thought would allow an extra oversized alternator to run massive headlights for exposed night runs. Heat aboard when running comes straight from that oil cooling circuit through a heat exchanger and fans inside the house, also good to keep the glass clear.

We'd balance the Diesel's near 500+lb weight (including gearbox and shafting) with a stout battery set of 4x6v/370ah deep cycle batteries, probably inboard of the starboard Diesel tank under that settee.

With that machine intolerable on centerline inside her house, we'll find ourselves in trusting the routines of automotive drive train technology. Coupled to the engine's gearbox output flange, two CV joints with a longer piece of drive shaft between them transmit that power aft towards the transom. There, using more well developed industrial hard-

ware, the engine turns a toothed belt pulley on a short shaft between two ball/roller bearing blocks. From there we'll use an oversized toothed belt to get that Diesel power towards centerline onto a second such shaft, bearing blocks and pulley combination before a close coupled set of CV joints connects to the rear input of that fine bronze lower unit sail drive that will swing a 16" bronze propeller.

Yes, one longer driveshaft and two short ones, four CV joints plus that gearing inside that sail drive to worry the mind exposed offshore. But well mounted and lubed shafting is quite long lived, CV joints a rigorous durable technology, all readily accessible while afloat for maintenance or outright exchange, with even that sail drive removable upwards through that square hole in her bottom, we'd better make big enough to not just count on a two bladed prop rotated perfectly into 12 and 6 o'clock position.

With these drive train elements oversizable some, the only serious concern is that of every powerboat offshore, which would be propeller strike damaging a blade. And for that, being able to pull the drive and prop assembly up vertically through the hull bottom for inspection and repairs in the safety of the cockpit beats any conventional passage maker prop shaft geometry accessible only by diving, careful beaching or use of a marine railway. Finally, that sail drive can be taken apart in that cockpit should that prop strike have apparently nicked a bevel gear as well. As a footnote, some will argue against that engine mounted gearbox since the sail drive has an integrated F/N/R function as well.

Apart from the hull's built in sinking resistance, I'd carry that dinghy for ship to shore utility, but also survival, plus a life raft, since an uncontrolled fire aboard would eat all that foam and plywood. On the other hand, Diesel is fairly straightforward to plumb, and a wood/epoxy fire can be put out by a few buckets of ocean. With that engine churning anyway turning a stout alternator, a galley based on electric stove top and oven, plus microwave would suggest not needing any propane onboard to produce excitement.

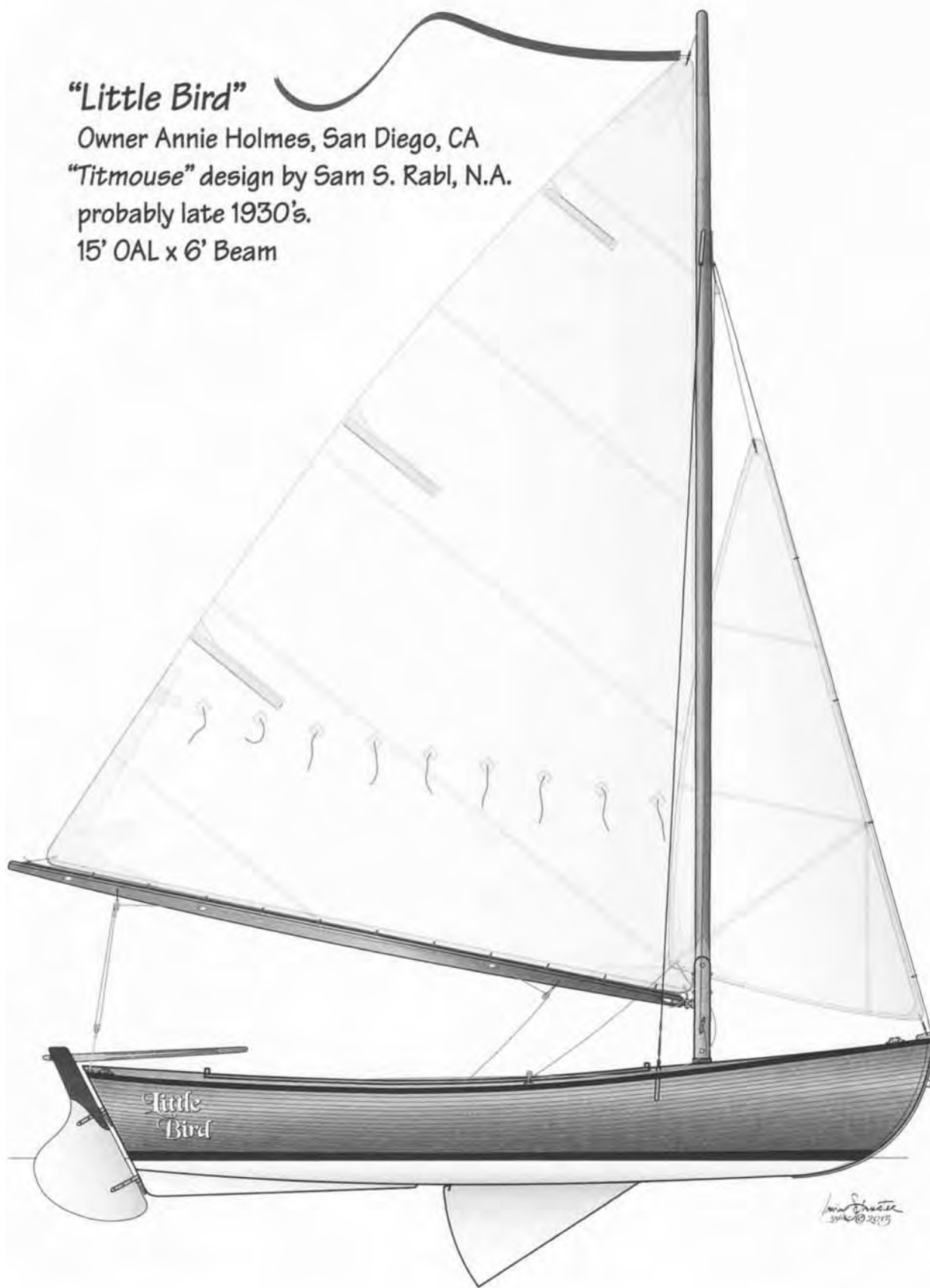
When at rest for a bit, the big batteries plus photovoltaics and a turbine on her transom would tide us over for short burst cooking sessions, with Diesel fuel running a simple Diesel heater when we sit quietly up some chilly fjord or squat in the middle of Amsterdam for New Year's. And before I forget again, short of some ingenious foldaway table set across the settees, I'd likely cultivate having food on a tray, sitting in the chairs up front or going alfresco outside aft.

Biased as ever, I do like her balance in profile, with bulwarks forward implied some more than in that earlier cruiser and that visor over the front of the house roof added just on a lark. Aerodynamic drag and minor weight addition up there might be a concern. Or she just has to have that "shippy look"...



"Little Bird"

Owner Annie Holmes, San Diego, CA
"Titmouse" design by Sam S. Rabl, N.A.
probably late 1930's.
15' OAL x 6' Beam



Small Craft Illustration #17 by Irwin Schuster

irwinschuster@verizon.net

Annie Holmes, perennial Scuzmum of the San Diego TSCA Scuzbums, thinks her 15' *Little Bird* may very well be the last surviving Titmouse. Titmouse is a Sam Rabl design from the 1930s. The original design has a cuddy, but *Little Bird* was built as an open daysailer.

Annie says, "A few years ago a guy was looking all over for one to restore. He struck out but finally located one somewhere in the Midwest but it was too shot to restore. His search was in *WB* mag and *MAIB*. I would be willing to bet my sweet *Little Bird* is the only one left."

"I don't know if I told you but I met the man who built her. His name is Budd Van

Annie's Little Bird

By Irwin Schuster

Winkle. He lives/lived in San Francisco and had two very young sons. He needed a safe but fun boat for windy San Francisco Bay. He built her approximately 60+ years ago.

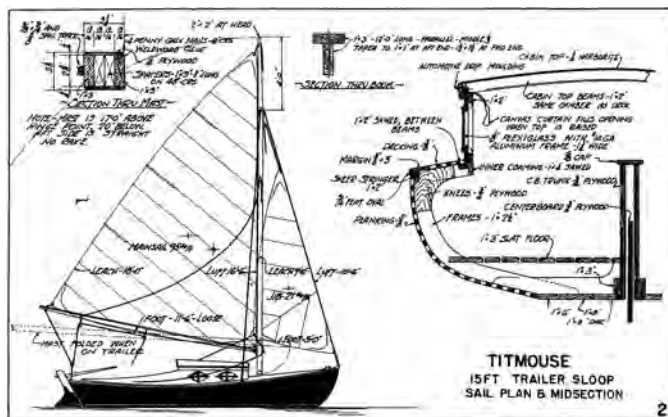
His son had stored the boat here (San Diego) in his yard for over 20 years before he advertised it on craigslist. I took one look at the photo and had to see it. Her lines are almost identical to those of *Precious*, my Picaroon II, both designed in the '30s by Sam Rabl."

So, who was Sam S. Rabl? Best known as author of *Boatbuilding in Your Own*

Backyard, which makes building a variety of classic wooden boats accessible to anyone. "Using the illustrated instructions in this book, you can truly build a boat/dinghy, sailboat or cruiser in your spare time in your backyard or garage. Considered the best in its field for over five decades."

Besides 15' Titmouse and 18'6" Picaroon, Rabl's designs include 27'6" Auxiliary Flying Cloud, 7'6" Midge Pram, 16'9" Meadow Bird, 23' Cherub, 24' Polaris, 18' Outboard Puffin and the 24'9" Inboard Kit-tiwake."

While Rabl was best known for his ply hulls, Annie's *Little Bird* and *Precious* were both strip planked.



Little Bird is For Sale

Sam Rabl Titmouse Little Bird, 15' open boat on trailer. Full cover, new glassed bottom, kept covered and garaged in San Diego. New tires on trailer. Beautiful strip planked varnished mahogany exterior. Lovely boat. \$9,000. ANNIE HOLMES, (858) 204-5277, anniehomes@mac.com

Now, about *Little Bird*, Annie and me. In 2009 Annie contacted me, asking to have her Picaroon named *Precious* drawn. My memory fails (no new thing) but somehow Dave Lucas, Annie and I were connected, probably through TSCA. Anyway, I did that and later, just because that's one of the things I enjoy doing, I drew *Little Bird* as well. As I am a model maker and liked the design, I decided to build the boat in a presentation format I have developed, a half hull with 3D spars and rigging but with the sails printed in the background. In this case I had a photo of Annie that went onto the field, too.

These illustrations are done on a Mac in Adobe Illustrator which has a transparency variable such that images can be superimposed. Why half hulls? Early on, one of my

The Model

drafting teachers pointed out that there is no point in drawing both sides of a symmetrical item. Gondolas aside, most boats follow that pattern and it makes building one whole helluvalot easier.

In addition, models fare better when cased, and the shadow box is an easy solution. Finally, I have built a bunch of models and I have more wall space than shelves.

Scale: The project was sized to fit on Annie's mantle and the hull is 12" LOD, so 1/15. The model hull is cherry for the reason that it has fine grain and color appropriate to natural finish in scale. The painted part below the waterline is poplar. Half spars are

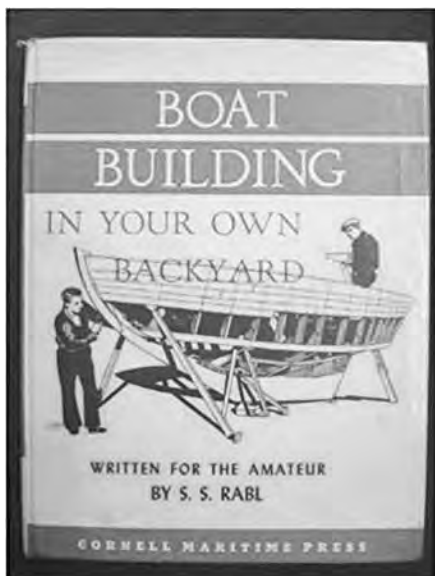
formed by attaching two flats together with water soluble adhesive, turning the part, then separating the halves. The deck is "canvassed" with muslin laid in dilute white glue. Coamings, CB and other thin, flat parts are cherry veneer. Hardware is aluminum and shim brass. Turnbuckle is SST hypodermic tubing with soft wire zapped in place. The background photo print is laminated to 1/2" Gatorfoam® with wallpaper paste, a product proven to last for hundreds of years, and that has "slip" for aligning. Finishes are all "rattle can."

The whole thing ended up quite light by design and that is essential to reduce potential damage in shipping from Tampa to San Diego (via FedEx air). I shipped it without glass. It arrived intact. She likes it. That is a happy ending.



Precious

Plans by
Francis Lee Ball 1924
Builder: Sam Rabl (c. 1980)
Owner: Annie Holmes



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Precious

A Sam Rabl Designed Picaroon

In Retrospect by by Annie Holmes



I bought her from her builder, who is a consummate craftsman. He builds gorgeous custom violins and guitars and he built this boat over a two year span and put her in the water in 1980. I bought her in early 1985. She was a departure from the original design in that her builder made her a Marconi cutter rig instead of a gaff sloop with running back stays. And that explains the boomkin and bowsprit, which are not on the original drawings. She was much easier to sail single handed for that reason.

She was a dream to sail and I won lots of trophies with her racing against other wooden boats. She's taken prizes at local wooden boat shows as well.

She was 1"x3/4" strip planked mahogany over oak frames and was watertight. She was coated with epoxy inside and out before launching. Her decks and lazarettes were teak. Her keel was a little deeper than the original plan with a 700# lead insert. She was 18.5' on deck and 24' overall. Her beam at the widest point was 8'1". She displaced 4,000lbs and drew 3.5'.

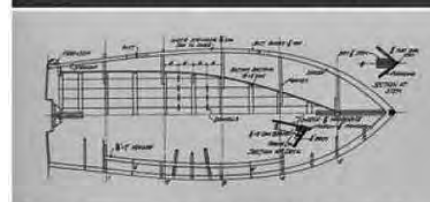
She was roomy and lovely inside, varnished louvered cabinets, a working sink, lots of storage and two 6' bunks. Her varnish always looked good because I invested in a three piece Sunbrella full boat cover years ago. I had replaced it twice and it saved me time, agony and money. I had used her gently over the years and she always got double takes wherever we went.

She had a full complement of sails, including a spinnaker, 180 lapper, staysail, main and jib. My jib was an old Hobie jib which fit fine.

I don't know what happened to Precious. The man I sold her to let her go down and skipped out on the slip fees. Last I knew the marina was putting her in auction. Very sad, but I had 33 years sailing and showing her, an unforgettable adventure.



BOATBUILDING In Your Own Backyard





Next, the future project will be a half model of a late 1800s Rushton *Vesper*, sailing canoe. I wrongly claimed these were not lapped. They were. That may have been wishful thinking on my part because that would make the model a lot easier.

The old photo is "Senaca" Ray Stoddard and his *Vesper*. An unusual feature of many of these cruising canoes was the folding centerboard. They allowed sleeping aboard. RADIX was a popular brand and offered their nine U-shaped segments in three sizes. Another brand, the BROUGH, had five flat elements.

On the model, the sails will be printed as part of a background photo, but I have not decided on the sail pattern as yet.

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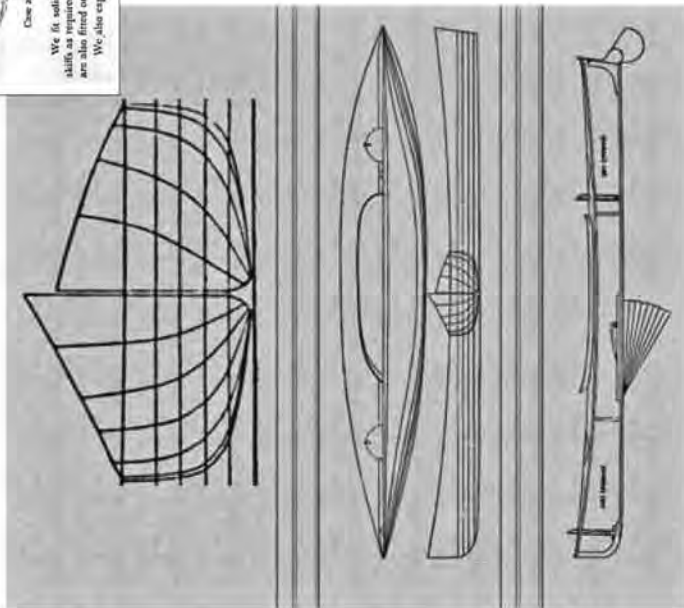
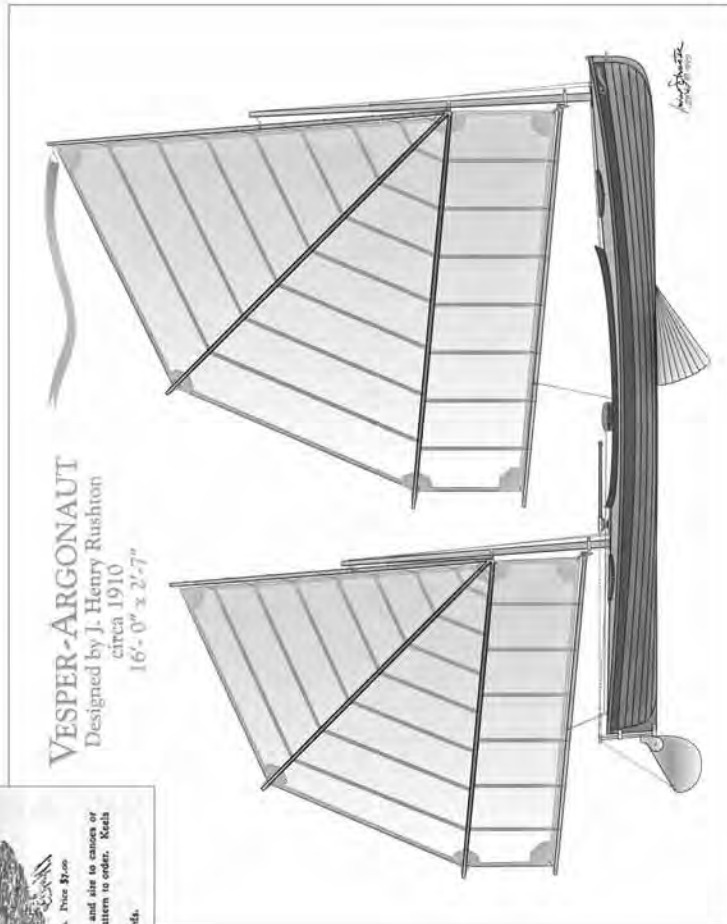
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We also expect to get a smaller size of these boards.



Last fall Jane received an animated online greeting card from a friend celebrating Thanksgiving Day. Upon viewing it I was quite taken with this concept, online greeting cards featuring short illustrated videos on various subjects that can be personalized and emailed to those you wish to greet. I mention them here for two in particular are aimed directly at our small boating game (see the end of this article). Here is a summary of what I learned:

"Jacquie Lawson is an English artist living in the picturesque village of Lurgashall in Southern England. She originally trained as an illustrator at St Martin's School of Art and worked for over 20 years in many areas including architectural perspectives, book illustrations and cartoons. In 2000 she created an animated Christmas card featuring her dog and cats and her 15th century cottage and sent it to a few friends for their amusement. Over the subsequent weeks she was amazed to receive emails from hundreds of people all over the world asking for more of the same.

During 2001 Jacquie created a few more animations and in November she got together with her nephew, Mike Hughes-Chamberlain, to create a simple website to allow people to download her work. It soon became apparent that the website could barely cope with the demand. Jacquie and Mike realized that instead of a simple download site, what was needed was a proper ecards service and, after a few weeks of frantic programming, jacquielawson.com was launched in February 2002 with just five ecards! Today they have well over 400 cards to choose from for

Discover Jackie Lawson ECards

By Bob Hicks

almost every imaginable occasion. Many of them are suitable for more than one purpose and have a range of optional captions, so you

Art of Sailing

Waves of colour wash over the canvases. Includes puzzle. Music: "Dance to your Daddy," traditional English folk song. This card has optional greetings: Happy Birthday, Happy Father's Day, Wishing You Smooth Sailing, Happy Retirement, Congratulations, Bon Voyage, Have a Great Summer, Warm Wishes, Thinking of You, Thank You, Just Saying Hi, You're Invited, Get Well Soon, Have a Peaceful Day, No Caption.



might find them in more than one of the categories on their website.

A modest yearly membership fee gives you access to the entire range of online greeting cards and allows you to send as many greetings as you like. You can even get a further discount by joining for two years! To view all the cards on offer to date (all of course in full color) and learn more go to jacquielawson.com

Of special interest to MAIB readers are the following two:

Shipspace

A little handiwork leads to smooth sailing. Music: Original by Mike Hughes-Chamberlain. This card has optional greetings: Happy Father's Day!, Wishing You Smooth Sailing!, Have a Great Summer!, It's Summertime!, Relax and Enjoy!, Happy Birthday!, Happy Belated Birthday!, Thinking of You!, Just Saying Hi!, Have a Nice Day!, Congratulations!, Happy Retirement!, Bon Voyage!, Get Well Soon!, Thank You!, No Caption.



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Sailboat racing can be a lot of fun, frustration and/or work depending on your attitude toward the endeavor. My wife and I have raced one design (Fireball regattas and local races) and Portsmouth and One Design (P&OD) (Fireball and Tornado). I have raced under the Midget Ocean Racing Class (MORC) and Performance Handicap Racing Fleet (PHRF) handicaps. Except for the one design racing, our boat was given a handicap either from the number for that boat based on nationwide regattas or calculated from our boat's dimensions and sail area.

The problem for us with P&OD was the use of national regattas for creating a boat's handicap number. With the Tornado we had to be about ten minutes ahead of the rest of the fleet to even place. A well sailed Windmill would beat us on the corrected time over a three mile race course. One time we won a P&OD race because the wind slackened as we crossed the finish line and the rest of the fleet had to contend with very light wind and an outgoing tide.

When we raced our Tornado in the local races the rudders would hum from the vibration of the water passing around them. I could get some indication of the boat's speed by the loudness of the hum. If all was trimmed properly and the boat was at maximum speed, the rudders would howl. This was a psychological advantage as one came up on a competitor during a race. One of our competitors noted he could tell how close we were as the "noise" level increased. It was noted that we could get more boat speed if the rudders were smoother and did not vibrate. I agreed but replied that the skipper had to be a lot better before the rudder vibration would make any difference on the boat's finishing place.



Both PHRF and MORC are time on distance handicaps. This meant that we knew how much time each competitor gave us (or we gave them) while on the course. With this information, we could calculate



if we were ahead of or behind our competitors by the time difference between our rounding of a race mark and their rounding of the same mark (or visa versa). If the handicap difference was ten seconds per mile and our rounding was under that compared to theirs, we were ahead. More than ten seconds and we were behind. Since we knew the distance between each race mark, the calculation was straightforward.

Of all the handicap rules I have dealt with, the MORC handicap was the closest to measuring the capability of the boat rather than the experience and capability of the skipper and crew. The MORC handicap for a boat was based on that boat's size, weight and sail area. Our local MORC Station 27 had three Morgan 22 and two Morgan 27 sailboats in the fleet. The P&OD and PHRF handicaps were such that they could be considered "class" boats. However, each had a different MORC handicap based on that boat's measurements.

Measuring a boat for a MORC rating was expensive and took about three hours to get all the required hull measurements. Then there were the sails to be measured and the boat had to be weighed. Of note is that a boat would gain weight over time in the water. As those whose boats have had blisters know, fiberglass



is water resistant, not waterproof. A boat could gain a measurable amount of weight between MORC measurements, which would affect its rating. I am familiar with this because I was (with my wife's help) the Chief Measurer for MORC Station 27, for a while a Regional Measurer and the "expert" on the Harmony 22 MORC rating measurements.

The Harmony 22 is an interesting boat. The first one was built in a garage by one of the ABYC members. It had an overall length of 22' because that was the length of the garage where it was built. Once the boat was finished and in the water, I did the MORC measuring. I also measured a couple of the fiberglass models that were built later. Like the early Morgan 22, the Harmony 22 is stable, moves well in the water and can be sailed in almost any weather condition. One time we were in a night race when the Harmony 22 came by on the downwind leg of the course. The wind was in the 15-20 knot range. We were sailing a Ranger 26 with the "storm chute" up. The Harmony came from behind and went past us with their 170 winged out and kept on going.

One Morgan 24 in Station 27 ended up shorter when it was remeasured for its handicap renewal. The freeboard at the bow and stern were both greater than when previously measured. The beam at the gunwale had also increased but the draft was the same. A careful inspection of the hull found a separation of the bulkhead mid ship from both the starboard and port hull. The owner noted that the forestay kept needing to be tightened. The "pull" of the forestay (and some of the backstay) had raised the bow and stern of the hull. The strain on the hull had "bent" the boat.

The parking brake in our '73 Ford Mustang stopped working. First time repair did not work and a replacement rig had to be installed. While I was waiting for the parts to fix the parking brake, I used a fold up tire chock. It is a very neat steel device that folds flat when not in use and opens up to become a chock. All my vehicles have chocks stored in them for use as needed (along with heavy-duty jumper cables, tow chain, a piece of wood 1"x8" to support the tire jack on soft ground and a shovel).

When we were towing boats, my tow vehicle had an additional set of chocks for the trailer. When you put your vehicle in "Park" all that is holding the transmission is a steel rod about the diameter of a pencil. A major shock to that part (like when loading a boat) can shear the pin and the transmission is now in neutral and the vehicle is depending on the parking brake to hold the vehicle and stay out of the water. It is much safer to have chocks behind the rear wheels of the tow vehicle to take the load and keep the stress off the steel rod and/or the parking brake. The chocks for the trailer were for when the trailer was parked and we took the tow vehicle elsewhere. A chock in front and behind one wheel helped make sure the trailer did not roll if it were bumped in the parking area by another trailer or vehicle.



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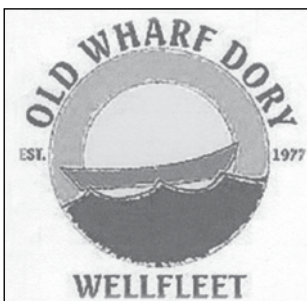
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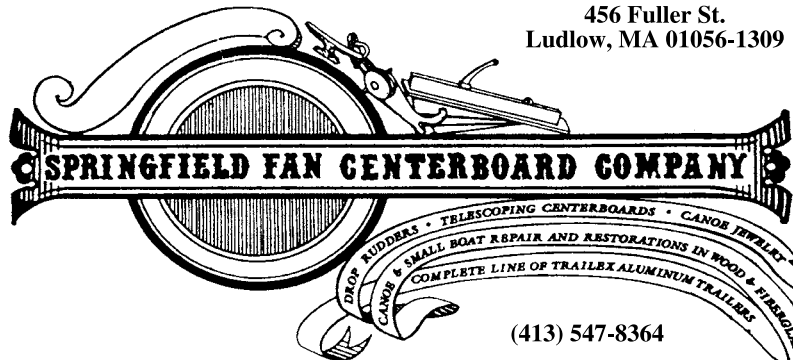
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Fliptail 6 Folding Dinghy, finished last fall. Gray skin, bright finished wood. Chines & gunwales are ash laminate, most of the rest is western red cedar. Stainless hardware & hinges, except for nylon bow eye & oarlocks from Duckworks. Located north-central Indiana. Photos available by email. \$600, or trade?

JOHN NYSTROM, (765) 689-9997, johnc111@hotmail.com (5)

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Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

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Mad River Explorer, 16'3" x 3', Kevlar construction w/wood trim, cane seats, 2 paddles, ACA class open sailing canoe rig, aluminum spars, high aspect ratio pickup leeboard & rudder, long tiller linkage, steering from amidships. Custom bags for all the sailing hardware, nice condition, usual wear & tear. Simple to rig, simple to sail, stable canoe. \$2,000.

DOCK SHUTER, Hudson River 100mi. N. of NYC, (845) 247-0508, dshuter@earthlink.net (5)



Seabird Yawl, w/cradle, aluminum masts, gd sails w/spinnaker, Marconi rig, all lines to cockpit, main hinged on post, easy stepping. Need filler at the garboards, strip plank, outboard well, boomkin, rails need some work, nothing difficult. Email for details & photos. Located Buffalo NY. Make reasonable offer.

GREG GRUNDTISCH, Lancaster, NY, Grundys-woodworks@roadrunner.com (5)

Lawton Yacht Tender, fiberglass version of classic originally built of wood by Lawton in Marblehead. Graves switched to fiberglass production after Lawton's death. 10' long w/2 rowing stations the boat is nice to row. Loadright trlr w/spare wheel. \$300.

MAT LEUPOLD, Wayland, MA, (508) 358-4897, matleupold@comcast.net (5)



Sailing Skiff, w/rudder/daggerboard/mast spars & white polytarp sail. Heavily built & stable, built by students at the Buffalo Maritime center. Approx. 12' w/4' beam. Epoxy sealed ply & taped at the seams. Located in Buffalo NY. Email for any information and photos.

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THOMAS W. WESSON, JR., Mantachie, MS, (662) 401-9588 (ask for TW), (662) 282-4246 (ask for Jeanne), twhasfun@nexband.com (4)

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Two Volvo Marine Diesels, one 2-cyl & one 1-cyl, plus spare tranny, starter/generators etc. Neither has much rust @ exhaust outlet so show little use, both have been stored inside for many years. \$850.

PAUL SCHWARTZ, Beverly, MA, (978) 922 7244. (5)

1977 Seagull O/B, used w/dinghy by cruising couple, standard shaft Forty Plus Mark 2 w/fixed drive, manufactured 6/77. Suggested rating is 3hp for comparison purposes. Comes w/rolling stand, needs some TLC. Manuals incl. \$400 + shipping. C. HENRY DEPEW, Tallahassee, FL, sisu26@net-tally.com (4)

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To be safe, we walked down the 104 steps, eye-balling each turn, asking, "Can it fit here? Make this turn? Make that turn? (The idea of getting most of the way down.....being unable to make a turn, being unable to put the boat down, being unable to go back up the stairs except for walking backwards.... was not an attractive idea.)

So, yes, after surveying the 104 steps, in some cases eye-balling, in other cases with a tape-measure, it seemed the boat would fit. We mounted the carry yoke, tied the oars inside the boat and then hoisted it aloft.

Then, slowly, step by careful step, we made our free delivery.

Then we walked (for the 4th time) those 104 steps. Three or four deliveries like that in a day could tucker a person out.

Photo courtesy of David's 8 year old son.

Come see and try our boats at the Wooden Boat Show, Mystic Seaport, June 28-30

When reasonable we try to offer free delivery. A customer at a show in Connecticut asked if we could deliver his boat while he was away.

"Sure," we said, "no problem."

"You can just leave it down by the water."

What he didn't say was that the water was 104 steps below his driveway. Also, the staircase twisted and turned, it looked as if it was built by the Keebler Elves. We couldn't even tell from the top if the boat would actually fit down the staircase.

